TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The life of the late William Gooderham was such as to make men desire to follow so good an example. His death, which came suddenly and found him prepared, should not fail to make an indelible impression on the minds of the many who, if the sombre ferryman were to bid them cross the flood, would beg and implore for just one more hour that they might fill it with good deeds and kind words, or with frantic preparations for the life to come. With Mr. Gooderham it mattered not whether the summons came while he slept or while he mingled with his fellow men. I suppose it really matters very little, and will in fact make very little difference in the judgment passed upon us when we go up before the last assize, whether we have had a few moments of frightened preparation and fearful remorse before we make our exit from the life which has been given us to get ready for the next. It would not be fair to those who die suddenly if those who have an hour's notice could fix things with their Maker by hustling through some formal penetance and filing at the last moment a stay of proceedings in the shape of a will bestowing a few of the dollars made by the help of the devil on charities and Christian institutions. The idea of a death-bed repentance being worth anything is as heathenish and as unworthy of the ideal character of a deity as the human sacrifices made over the graves of pagans or the masses purchased with ill-gotten gold for the release of wicked souls from torment. A man cannot be built over in an hour even though he is nearly frightened to death and sweating with the horror of future punishment. There are men in this town who could not be built over in twenty years, they are so mean, so utterly "cussed" in every impulse, yet these fellows imagine that by leaving a few dollars to the tract society or endowing a chair in some theological institute God will take them up to live with Him though they know that decent people would not associate with them on this side of the darkening flood. Dying sinners send in post haste for a preacher and think that a prayer and the sacrament will get them out of the hole they have for a lifetime been proud of being in. In this connection the illustration of the thief on the cross is used to show that a man may repent and be saved at the last hour, but it loses its point when we remember that the dying thief had never had the gospel preached to him until the moment he accepted it. Very few of our modern "dying thieves" can make the same excuse. There appear to be many who carefully calculate how much it is going to cost to square themselves with their Creator. Men who have torn the seventh commandment into fifteen hundred different pieces reckon if they build a fourtling hospital that ought to be pretty near their share towards remedying the evils they have caused. The dying usurer calmly sits down and calculates what percentage God will charge him for the covetous deviltment he has done and very probably decides that twenty per cent. will be a pretty fair share to give to the Lord after the sinner hasn't any further use for it. It is in this way that the materialistic idea of God and heaven shows itself. A man who has never given a dollar to the poor and feels that Up There he will be accused of his meanness is apt to build a hospital for the aged, the orphan and the friendless. I do not believe that this late attempt at atonement will make him stand very much higher in the eyes of his Maker, but through the evil of his life and the fearfulness of his outgoing good is wrought. I suppose this is the meaning of the saying that "out of evil good shall come," but we are not assured that good is going to come to the one who has done the evil, but rather to the victims of such evil-doers as may follow. With what divine disgust must our Maker look upon the cowardice which makes a man afraid to die as he lives, and if the just anger of the God-Man can be increased, how he must wax wroth when a man tries to make a paltry bargain for eternal happiness at the end of a mis-spent life. I do not know whether at the last moment I would have courage enough to do it, but I imagine if I lived like a devil I would die like one, feeling well assured that I would get nothing but the devil's half anyway.

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When we think seriously of these things—and how mighty seldom we do put on our thinking cap and endeavor to size up our worthiness or appreciate our unworthiness in the light of eternity—we begin to love the character of men who have lived right and have died trusting in God's goodness and His kind judgment of their best efforts after godliness. We never have much faith in men who think they are good enough to go up and sit alongside of God and start in the first day they are in heaven as coadjutors of divinity, but the sense of justice inherent in human nature, the appreciation of merit and goodness makes it possible for us to see that some men are very much better than others, that they try to be good when we do not make the slightest effort, that they restrain their evil impulses when we let ours have full swing, and we feel that if any men through the atonement of Christ and the good works which make manifest the faith of mankind in that atonement, are to be accorded special blessings hereafter, they are the ones who will receive them, and that if any are to escape the punishment which a vicious life is sure to bring about they are the ones who will not have to endure it.

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While these men live we generally make it our business to pick flaws in their life and character. If they make a little error—and they are sure to, the best man will inadvertently go wrong sometimes—we magnify the mistake and take a heap of pride and pleasure in pointing out that they are no better than the rest of us, forgetting that we are but accentuating the fact that every day they have to fight against their failings as we have and that they generally succeed so well that one mistake is noticeable while in us a dozen would not excite comment. After they die we are apt to think of how much better they are than the rest of us, and then we can be just. The goodness of their life is no longer a reproach to us and we freely accord them the place they should have had while they lived. Of course we never know whether a man is going to go wrong or not until he is dead, and thus when he is dead the problem is settled and our vigilance in watching for his failing can be relaxed. William Gooderham is dead. We know that his life was beautiful, adorned with all the virtues which we believe make men acceptable to God. I know plenty of men who once called him a religious crank who to-day would bite out their tongue before they would say an evil word of the generous man who is gone over to find out the facts about the hereafter. He was good to the poor. He was not ashamed to help the Salvation Army, because he believed it to be an influence for good and a great power for the saving of the poor beggars who could find friends and helping hands nowhere else. He delighted in religious work. In the Haven, he whose life has been without reproach was found struggling to save the fallen. Rich, respected, with all the opportunities for luxurious vice or idle indifference, his hand was held out to save those who, when they came near the skirts of the fashionable sinner, were spat upon and pushed into the gutter. Indeed, while he lived, he seemed to administer his estate as if it were the Lord's, and dying left it to do the greatest possible good.

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When a man of this sort dies I feel like examining myself as to whether I have ever said anything in disparagement of his goodness, and it strikes me there has been something said with regard to the late William Gooderham that I would not say now and I want to take it back, not that I fear that he will bear witness against me when I come up for judgment, but because with a better light and uninspired by the jealousy which goodness excites in those of us who have very little of it to spare, I think I shall feel better by confessing that I did not appreciate him at his true worth. It does not take a big funeral, vast bequests of money to charities, the panegyric of preachers or the wreath offerings of those who can bury loved ones in flowers to make us feel this late-coming appreciation of departed goodness. A recollection of the lives that have been purified and beautified, a few thoughts of the hearts that have been lightened, of the mouths that have been filled and the wanderers who have been reclaimed, of the happiness that has been restored to the sorrowful, comes to all who are thoughtful, and in the moments when we reproach ourselves for not having done the same, when we feel with shame that we have done but little or are overcome with remorse as we acknowledge we have done nothing, then in this new and perhaps transient moment of repentance we in our meanness and selfishness can at least afford to be just though it may not be a strong enough impulse to make us turn from our misdeeds and struggle to do likewise.

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Even those of us who deserve it not, sometimes in lonely sadness stretch out our hands in mute imploring for the world's forgiveness, even when the depth of our heart has not been stirred to ask for divine pardon. We wonder if when we die the world will be kind enough to forget the worst that we were and in kindness whisper the good things we have done. Even the most hardened is anxious to be kindly remembered, and clings to the thought that the heart of the world will soften when he is defeated and trampled under foot by death, and asks with growing hope, "For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?" This idea suggests that oft quoted poem, "If I should die to-night," which I have taken the liberty of slightly altering, believing that it will echo many a heartery which the world has never heard and that but few of the many thousands who read this paper have not at some time asked themselves the questions suggested in these simple lines:

If I should die to-night
Would my friends look upon my quiet face,
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair,
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress—
Weak hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night
Would my friends call to mind with loving thought
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped?
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would they be put aside,
So that I should be loved and mourned to-night?

If I should die to-night
Would the hearts estranged turn once more to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully?
The eyes that chill me with averted glance,
Would they look on me as of yore, perchance
Softening in the old familiar way?
For who would war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So might I rest forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night
Keep not your flowers for my dead, cold brow
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead,
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

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It must be confessed that financially the Industrial Fair this year threatened to fall considerably behind its predecessor, and we were getting ready to say that it would be almost impossible year after year to keep adding to the amount of the receipts in spite of the fact that nearly every adult in the province must now have seen the Fair—and there cannot be a very great deal of variety in successive years. But the latter days have brought a great harvest and again there has been an advance in the total receipts. This year the Fair was about the same as last, plenty of beautiful and useful things to look at, and I noticed no particular falling off in any particular department though one must regret to see the art department so poorly equipped. With the exception of a few good water colors, and a few pieces in oil with which we were already familiar, there was nothing representative of the best Canadian art. In the "garden sass" department, too, things seemed to have got pretty low. Of course it was a bad year, and one does not really understand what a bad year means until one goes to the Exhibition and sees vegetables exhibited there which in a good season would be scarcely up to the market average.

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There has been considerable discussion as to the propriety of Methodist clergymen constituting themselves a committee of judges on the morality of the horse-ring peformances. It is open to question whether such ham-fat dances as have been given there are worthy of a place on the programme, but as long as people care to see women kicking up their heels they may as well witness the exhibition there as elsewhere, as there is no particular harm done. In fact the thing would not have been commented upon if it had not been for a few somewhat officious preachers who have advertised that special feature by their condemnation. One has a right to ask who has made these men to rule over us and to assert their taste and ideas as the standard to which others must conform. If they thought the show objectionable they had the right of citizens to privately communicate their ideas to the President, but for them to publicly talk about it being similar to the "can-can" is rubbish. If anything similar to the can-can as danced in the Jardin Mabille were shown to the occupants of the grand stand they would get up and get out so quick that the fences would be torn down in the rush made by women to escape from so vicious a performance. These clerical gentlemen cannot have seen the can-can or they would have said less about it. It is so frequently the case that preachers use hyperbole in their comparisons that they need to be sat upon. I don't suppose the Revs. Stone and Benson have ever seen the can-can. If they have we have a fair right to enquire when and where, and if they haven't they should limit themselves to things they understand. Of one thing we can be sure, the Hungarian dancers are a lot of greasy old dames who are neither graceful nor attractive enough to draw a crowd to a beer garden, and could no more dance a can-can than a baby elephant could do a minuet. The *Globe* was perfectly right in laughing at the would-be censors of public morals, and I think with the writer of whom the preachers have complained so much, that their Maker would not have made the limbs of a woman so shapely if he considered it a crime for her to exhibit a section of them in a dance. Custom has made it improper and the concealment which custom has made necessary has added to the allurement, as do all repressive measures and concealments. If women wore colored silk tights, as the cavaliers used to do of old, the world would not be a particle more indecent than it is now, and morality would not be at a lower ebb. Amongst the barbarous nations where the ladies wear nothing but a smile and half a yard of cotton, there is probably less absolute immorality than there is amongst nations where custom has made it necessary for a dress to be composed of twenty yards of silk and be supplemented by unknown quantities of embroidered dimity and quilted petticoats. The little revelations and the great concealments about a woman's mind and attire constitute the chief attractiveness of the female of our species, and when considered from this point of view, the tendency to exploration and the fondness for unraveling mysteries which lead men to explorations which would never have been thought of nor undertaken if it were not for those things which custom has made arbitrary amongst us, we can understand why men are as fond of the ballet as they, when chance offers, prove themselves to be. Of course while this custom prevails it should be observed, but the officials of the Fair backed up by the people of Ontario are competent to be their own judges in such matters.

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The bank note question is receiving some attention as in 1891 the bank charters expire. Those who know the inconvenience of having a currency which is open to suspicion abroad and causes great inconvenience at home will look forwardly anxiously to the result of the discussions which must be brought upon us by an opportunity for a readjustment of the system. A Yankee greenback is as good as gold in the majority of English-speaking countries. The credit of the nation is stamped upon it, while the Canadian bank bill is examined curiously and refused everywhere except in the Canadian provinces where the bank is well-known. A British Columbia bill is discounted in Ontario and one from the maritime provinces would not be accepted in Manitoba or the west. When a bank fails, people become frightened and sell their bills at a discount even though they are assured by the newspapers that their full value will likely be paid. As I have often said before, it is not what is true but what people can be made to believe is true which has the greater effect in moving people. People can always be made to believe that the bill of a broken bank is only worth half its face value, while no one could be convinced that a Dominion of Canada bill can be depreciated except by the collapse of the country. Banks will fight hard to preserve their privilege of issuing currency. The people should fight just as hard to vest this power in the government. The government that can issue one and two dollar bills without misusing its power can be trusted to issue five's and ten's and hundred's. Many bank bills are lost, worn out, consumed in fires, sunk in marine disasters, and quite a large portion of the profits of banks comes from this feature of their business. Such profit as accrues from this source should belong to the government. The talk about contraction of the currency when the crops are moving has some force, but if the government issues money and the banks only do as they do in the United States we can be certain that there will be plenty of currency. Bankers are always trying to frighten people with the terrible things which are to come to pass if ordinary people take a hand in financing, but ordinary people can finance very nicely without any bank assistance, and with less theory they are probably about as well able to formulate their wants as the bankers are.

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The outrageous occurrence on the steamer Baltic, in which a boy was tarred and feathered and driven to insanity and suicide, must stir the people to some inquiry as to how the absolute power vested in ship's officers is used and abused. The charge against the lad was a vile one, and though his accuser withdrew his accusation, the ship's hands insisted on punishing him most barbarously. There are accusations which, once made against a man, will stain his name and ruin him for life, and in moments of anger or heated controversy names which imply these crimes are bandied about amongst men in a way which deserves the blow which should always be given by the man or his friends when such an epithet is used. The roughest and most reckless men are the ones who in a spasm of momentary or assumed virtue are most apt to punish without trial poor unfortunates who are unable to resist. The proper punishment of those concerned in the Baltic incident will perhaps afford a warning to cruel ruffians to refrain from laying violent hands on fellow-beings who are perhaps quite as decent as they are themselves. As a rule the men who are the most anxious to conceal the filth of their own lives are the first to make loathsome accusations and to act as Judge Lynch's jurors. So far as has been found out the Whitecaps and other self-constituted tribunals are made up of desperadoes who organize themselves to punish others in order to escape punishment themselves.

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The result of the drill shed arbitration proves the necessity of changing the system of settling the value of land which is to be expropriated for public purposes. As it now stands, a few greedy arbitrators make sport of the thing and rob the city by their charges. Care should always be taken that owners are properly paid for their property, but as a rule owners always desire to have their property expropriated either by a railroad or municipal corporation, experience having shown that two prices are always paid by municipalities and the very top value by railroads. The drill shed arbitrators are perhaps no more expensive than many others who have previously acted in the same capacity, but their fees are unjustifiably large and the last exhibition of their greed will probably lead to a reform.

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When discussing the appointment of a new archbishop, I remarked that we had reason to thank God that Bishop Cleary of Kingston was not likely to preside at the Palace here. This violent and foolish man has been renewing his attacks on Protestantism and its institutions, and has become, if possible, more objectionable than he already was. I know from personal conversations with a large number of Catholics that his utterances are distasteful to his co-religionists all over the province, and that he is feared as a fire-brand and a disturber. If the authorities at Rome would only take him out of the country, they would be doing the Church in Canada a very considerable favor.

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The Hon. Mr. Martin, Attorney-General of Manitoba, and his colleagues have quietly gone to work and practically abolished French as an official language in Manitoba. They seem to be the sort of men who are not overawed by existing laws and proceed to do what they think is right and make the law fit it. This is the proper method. The people are always superior to the laws, as the cause is greater than the effect. Here in Ontario we seem to imagine that because a thing is legal to change it would be revolutionary. Thus we have to adapt ourselves to legal conditions instead of adapting laws to our necessi-

A REST BY THE WAYSIDE.

ties. It is refreshing to see new provinces where lawyers have not yet begun to run everything, proceeding in the common-sense way which makes the administration of Premier Greenway so noticeable.

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Just as I finish my week's work this dismal Thursday night, I hear that my friend, John E. Mitchell, Treasurer of the Industrial Fair, is dying. Poor old fellow. I have been writing about death, and now this news makes me feel like crying. Good-hearted, generous, a true friend, he was good enough for this world and will be mourned by thousands if he goes out of it. Surely then he will be welcomed over on the other side if he has to go, for a bigger heart never beat in the breast of any friend I ever had than is now, his doctor tells me, about to be stilled in death. DON.

Social and Personal.

In spite of the darkened sky and drizzling rain, a large and fashionable company gathered in St. George's Church, on Tuesday, September 17, to witness the marriage of Capt. Gamble Geddes to Miss May Jones. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Dean Geddes, assisted by Rev. J. D. Cayley and Rev. Prof. Jones of Trinity College. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. E. C. Jones; her bridesmaids being Miss Emily Merritt, Miss Allie Heward, Miss L. Craig, Miss Bessie Jones, Miss E. Yarker, Miss Marguerite Crombie and Miss Marguerite Jones. The groomsmen were Messrs. L. A. Tilley, Montague Allan, H. D. Gamble, J. Gordon Jones and Charles Jones.

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After the service the bridal party and guests repaired to the house of the bride's mother, 219 Church street, where a reception was held. The house was elegantly decorated with cut flowers, palms and large flowering plants, the rooms being one mass of fragrant bloom. The piazza was carpeted with rugs and made gay with flowers, while a large tent was erected on the lawn. The bride's cake, an immense one, was decked with natural flowers, roses and maiden hair ferns. Numberless costly and elegant presents told of the esteem with which Mrs. Geddes has been regarded. Doulton and Worcester ware filled a cabinet, and a particularly fine piece of Austrian ware in pink was noticeable. There were many pictures, a large quantity of silver, and a great deal of exquisite fancy work. A silver service of unique and handsome pattern, a portfolio with solid silver embossing, silver candelabra, jewels, a neat bracelet of gold richly set with diamonds and whole pearls, plush and leather cases of many hues, shapes and sizes holding various sets of silver ware, one displaying a uniquely shaped sugar and cream, a silver tea caddy, handsome fans, one of shaded ostrich tips with tortoise shell sticks: these were only a few which were noticed among others equally handsome.

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The bride's dress was of cream and gold brocade, rich in texture, elegant in design. Her small bonnet was fashioned wholly of lilies of the valley, and she carried a superb bouquet of white roses, the only ornament she wore being a diamond brooch. The bridesmaids wore shrimp pink dresses, with accordion pleats and trimmings and sashes of pink liberty silk. They wore large black lace hats, whose only garniture was chrysanthemums shaded from shrimp pink to white, clover pins of green enamel (presents of the groom) and carried large bunches of dark heliotrope tied with wide pink ribbons. Mrs. Jones, the mother of the bride, was dressed in an elegant black toilette. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore ruby velvet with cream lace trimmings, ruby beads and a bonnet to match with pale pink feathers. Lady Macpherson's elegant toilette was of silver gray brocade. She wore a small ruby velvet cloak and a bonnet to match with pink roses. Mrs. Banks' costume was pale yellow foulard and ecru lace, her bonnet made of cowslips. Mrs. Banks' two little daughters, in cream and crimson, accompanied her. Mrs. Edwards wore a particularly beautiful shade of pale green India cashmere, with gold and white embroidery. Her small pale pink toque was trimmed with roses and mignonette, and she carried a large bunch of pale pink roses. Mrs. Edwards was accompanied by her lovely little daughter Gladys—a tiny mite with large deep blue eyes and a tangle of golden curls. She was dressed in a cream valenciennes lace dress; her leghorn hat was trimmed with cream feathers, and the lovely little child was admired by everyone. Mrs. Yarker's toilette was terra cotta and white foulard English dress, bonnet to match. Mrs. S. Nordheimer wore a black lace dress and hat, carrying a bouquet of sweet peas. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's dress was of black and white foulard, with trimmings of black ribbon velvet. Her hat was a large black one, the garniture being pink roses. Mrs. John Heward's handsome dress of vieux rose silk was trimmed with black embroidery. Her bonnet was of black lace trimmed with chrysanthemums to match. Mrs. W. Ince wore white gauze with accordion plaits, and a large green velvet hat. Misses Marguerite Crombie and Marguerite Jones wore white dresses with accordion plaits, white lace hats and pale pink sashes. Miss Maud Yarker's costume was of white, with white satin stripes; and her small white hat was trimmed with mignonette. Miss Marjorie Campbell wore a white china silk dress and a large white hat. Misses Florence and Edith Heward, cream dresses trimmed with pale blue, hats to match. Misses Bolton wore pale gray and black. Mrs. Torrence wore crimson silk, trimmed with brown, and crimson hat. Mrs. Langmuir's costume was of bronze, bonnet to match. Mrs. Melfort Bolton pale gray and white, large white hat. Miss Small wore pale gray and white, bonnet to match. Mrs. Heinnaman, electric blue, large hat to match.

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The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Canon and Mrs. Dumoulin, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. English, Mr. and Mrs. A. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. Fitzgibbon, Major and Mrs. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Fisken, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gwynne, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. A. Galt, Mrs. and Miss Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Seaton Gordon, Col. and Mrs. Grasett, Dr. and Mrs. F. Grasett, Mr. and Mrs. A. Grasett, Col. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. G. Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. G. Harman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Heward, Mrs. S. Heward, Mr. and Mrs. Hoskin, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Chief Justice Hagarty, Mr. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Rev. H. G. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. John Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. G. Brough, Mr. and Mrs. N. Browne, Provost and Mrs. Body, Mr. and Mrs. S. Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bowes, Mrs. Bechar, Mrs. Banker, Sir Alex. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Cattenach, Rev. J. and Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Crombie, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Clarkson, Col. and Mrs. Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ford Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Kane, Capt. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. William Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Macdonald, Mrs. McNab, Mr. and Mrs. G. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. K. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. S. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. A. Nordheimer, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. T. Rolph, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Skae, Mr. and Mrs. Scarth, Col. and Mrs. Sweney, Dr. and Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. A. Spragge, Mrs. Strachan, Mrs. J. Strachan, Gen. and Mrs. Sandham, Mrs. Small, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, Mr. and Mrs George Torrance, Mrs. Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Judge Finkle, Mr. and Mrs. Lumsden, Mr. and Mrs. Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. Dobell, Mrs. Ford Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Chilton Jones, Mr. and Mrs. McGill Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heward, Mr. and Mrs. G. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. McPherson, Dr. and Mrs. G. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Ralph Jones, Mrs. Frank Jones, Mr. and Mrs. A. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Brydges, the Misses Benson, the Misses Ford Jones, the Misses Jones, Miss M. Morris, Miss Florence Dickson, the Misses Leslie, the Misses Ramsay, Miss Fanny Sibley, Miss Gwynne, Miss Dobell, Mr. and Miss McInnes, Miss Mowat, Mrs. and Miss Stanley Hill, Miss Grier, Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, the Misses Carling, Miss Hall, Miss Abbott, Mrs. Geddes, the Misses Geddes, Col. O'Hara, Prof. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Carling, Mr. and Mrs. Helmuth, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. L. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Townsend, Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Bloodgood, Mr. and Mrs. Perrain, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Miss Manton, Miss Wilkie, Mr. Grier, Mrs. Roebuck, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Montague Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Ogden, Dr. Baldwin, Dr. A. Baines, the Misses Boulton, Prof. Boyd, Mr. H. Blake, Capt. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mayne Campbell, Mr. Church ll Cockburn, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. H. Cronyn, Mr. F. Darling, Mr. Dumoulin, Mr. C. Dickson, Mr. Fox, Mr. Furlong, Mr. Greig, Mr. A. Gamble, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. F. Geale, Mr. Goldingham, Major Harrison, Mr. J. Heward, Mr. S. Heward, Mr. Tilley, Mr. P. Hodgins, Mr. A. Howland, Mr. Heaton, Mr. Hollyer, Dr. Ogden Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mr. Herbert Jones, Mr. F. Jones, Prof. Jones, Mr. Geo. Jones, Mr. A. Langmuir, Mr. W. Langton, Mr. H. Langton, Mr. Maitland, Mr. H. Merritt, Mr. Morrow, Mr. M. Mackenzie, Mr. Alex. Macdonald, Mr. Payne, Mr. Pipon, Dr. Pyke, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Mr. Bridgeman Simpson, the Misses Small, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Worrell, Mr. Watson, Mr. Tait, Mr. Morris, the Messrs. Morris, the Misses Morris, the Misses Moffatt, Miss Ida Moffatt, the Misses Merritt, the Misses Morgan, the Misses McCutcheon, the Misses McLean, Miss Isabel Mackenzie, Miss Macdonald, Miss Robinson, Miss Small, the Misses Strachan, Miss Turner, the Misses Todd, Miss Wilson, the Misses Yarker, Miss Brown, the Misses Larratt Smith, Miss McCartney, the Misses Wragge, Miss Dixon, Mr. A. Campbell, Miss Otter, Mr. Ford Jones, Miss Baldwin, the Misses C. Jones, Mr. Godfrey Pattison, Miss Minnie Macdougall, Mr. Neville, Miss Leaycroft, Mr. Colin Campbell, Miss Carpmael, Mr. C. Jones, Mr. F. Joseph, Mr. Heinnaman, Capt. Shepherd, Mr. Ward, Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. James Geddes, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Geddes, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Hallowell, Mr. and Mrs. C. Hallowell, Mr. and Mrs. Stiff, Mrs. and Misses Grier, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hall, Mr. Wilkie, Mrs. Carpmael, Mr. Scott, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. R. Robinson, Mr. Walker, Mr. Grier, Mr. Ross.

*

Polo is a sport essentially English, and, with the favor of Hurlingham that there is about it, essentially fashionable. The exhibition of the game last Saturday by wealthy sportsmen of Buffalo, although falling very far short of the Hurlingham standard, yet showed the chief features of one of the most exciting of sports, and drew a larger gathering of fashionables, than is usually to be found at the exhibition on one day. The dog show of this week was another attraction likely to fetch this class of citizens, and so it has proved.

*

The sudden change from great heat to real cold weather at the beginning of the week has caused a rush for town, and the appearance of many streets has undergone a great change in the last few days. Hardly have people returned before they begin to fall into their usual ways, with the result that the dinner-party season has already been inaugurated, and the when and where of the first ball of the season is even now being discussed. The where seems to be settled to the satisfaction of most people and the when is decided to be early in October. As cards are not yet out I am forbidden to be more exact.

*

Miss Campbell returned to Government House at the end of last week. Miss Campbell has been spending a few days at the summer residence of Hon. G. W. Allan, near Allandale, since her return from Quebec.

*

Gen. Sir Fred Middleton and Captain Wise, A.D.C., left town this week for Ottawa. The general did the exhibition on Saturday and seemed to pay special attention to the polo match.

*

Sir David Macpherson returned to Chestnut Park at the beginning of this week from the Sault. Sir David has been paying a short visit to Judge Hamilton at the latter's summer resort.

*

Sir Henry Strange, K. C. B., and Lady Strange of Lancashire, England, were in town last week. Sir Henry, then Captain Strange, was quartered here long ago in the halcyon days when a large number of military occupied Toronto, and when the gallant soldiers robbed the then quiet town of so many of its fairest and their best.

*

Major Rolph, who is at present the guest of Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly at the General Hospital, is another officer who many years ago served in Toronto. Major Rolph is related to Mrs. O'Reilly; his regiment is now in Bermuda.

*

Dr. and Mrs. Dobie of Chester, England, and Mr. and Mrs. Purcell of Cardiff, South Wales, have been staying with friends on St. George street.

*

After an absence of nearly a year Mrs. Albert Nordheimer returned to her home on Bloor street last Saturday. The return of this popular and charming hostess is hailed by society as was that of the ladies of Beverley street of whom I spoke a week or two ago. Mrs. Nordheimer's ill-health has kept her a prisoner for some months in a famous sanitarium in London, England. Her many friends will be glad to hear that she shows but few traces of that ill-health.

*

Mr. H. W. Edward of London, England, was in town last week. This is not the first time that Mr. Edward has visited Toronto, and numerous friends have by no means forgotten him.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels of Wellesley place reached town last week. Mr. and Mrs. Cassels came out by the Dominion Line after a stay of two months in England.

*

Mr. Frank May of Montreal is in town. Mr. May is not accompanied by Mrs. May, formerly Miss Vankoughnet, of Toronto.

*

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a large dinner-party last Saturday at Rathnally, their fine place on the heights of Rosedale.

*

The Rev. Edward Acheson, formerly a curate of Mr. Baldwin of All Saints, and one of the most popular of Toronto's younger clergy, was in town this week. Mr. Acheson is now at St. George's, New York.

*

Mrs. Kirkpatrick who has been in Montreal with the Hon. George Kirkpatrick, during the latter's attendance at the Synod, is now staying at Chestnut Park.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Hartley of Halifax, N.S., are staying with friends on Sherbourne street.

*

Mr. Drummond, R.N., of H. M. S. Bellerophon is staying with his relations on Beverley street.

*

Mr. and Mrs. William McPherson of Quebec have left the Island, where they have been spending a week or two, and have gone to Montreal.

*

Mr. C. D. Shanly returned from Montreal on Saturday, where he attended the wedding of his cousin, Mr. Dice Saunders to Miss Brehaut.

*

Miss Minnie Baird of Montreal is staying with relatives on Grosvenor street.

*

Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt have returned to St. George street for the winter.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay of Bloor street have returned from their island in Muskoka.

*

Mr. Montague Allan of Ravenscraig, Montreal, came into town this week in order to assist at an important ceremony.

*

Mrs. Henry Jackson and the Misses Jackson of St. George street have returned to town from the coast of Maine, where they have been summering.

*

Mr. R. Aylesford returned this week from Europe by the Cunard boat.

*

Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph is staying with her aunt, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, on St. George street.

*

Mr. Archie Campbell of Carbrooke, the Queen's Park, returned to town this week from the Georgian Bay, and the large saw mills which he manages there.

*

Hon. John Beverley Robinson has returned to Sleepy Hollow from his island in Lake Joseph, Muskoka. Mrs. and Miss Robinson are expected back shortly.

*

On Saturday night, as the days of his bachelorhood were well-nigh over, Mr. Gamble Geddes was dined by some of his old friends at the Toronto Club. Amongst those present were Mr. Tilley, Col. Sweny, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Harry Gamble and Mr. Melfort Boulton.

*

Hon. John Carling of Ottawa was in town last week. I noticed him standing on King street opposite Government House, and regarding the latter edifice. Perhaps he was considering whether, if the Lieut.-Governorship were offered to him for a second time, he had better not take it.

*

Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Nellie Carlisle to Mr. Fred H. Wood of New York at St. George's Church on Wednesday, September 25.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and family, Mr. and Mrs. John Walker and family, Col. Sweny and family have returned to the city from their Island residences. Miss McLellan has returned to her home in New York.

*

Miss Mary Moyer, daughter of P. E. W. Moyer, editor of Berlin *News* is at present the guest of Mrs. Wm. Ardagh of Seaton st.

*

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Boughner of St. Thomas, and Mrs. J. Gladstone Dodds are the guests of Mrs. E. King-Dodds.

*

Saturday at the Exhibition was society day. In the directors' box were noticed Sir Fred and Lady Middleton, Dr. and Mrs. Andrew Smith, Miss Smith, Mrs. F. B. Taylor, Mrs. Gzowski, Col., Mrs. and the Misses Gray, Mr. A. Gianelli, Mrs. E. King-Dodds, the Misses Dodds, Ald. and Mrs. Gibbs. Lady Middleton wore an elegant black satin dress, with an old gold bonnet.

*

About thirty members of Geoffrey de St. Aldemar Preceptory No. 3, Masonic Knights Templar, will go by a special Pullman to the Triennial conclave of their order in Washington, D. C., beginning on the 7th of October. It is expected to be a very jolly crowd.

*

Mr. Douglas Sladen, accompanied by Mrs. Sladen and Miss Loremer, arrived in Toronto last Saturday and have been studying the features of our civilization as exemplified during the Fair week. Mr. Sladen is one of the most distinguished poets and literatteurs of Australia and although he has seen much of the world, he is visiting Canada for the first time, and expresses himself as much impressed by the sturdy and self-reliant young nationality which he sees growing up here. He is a man of unusual culture, a charming conversationalist and pleasant companion whose coming has been a rare treat to the literary people who have had the pleasure of entertaining him. Among the half dozen volumes of poetry which have appeared from Mr. Sladen's pen Edward the Black Prince, The Spanish Armada, Australian Lyrics, and A Party of Exiles are perhaps the most noticeable. He has just finished a book on the Younger Canadian Poets, and is engaged on a work descriptive of Canada and its relations to the British Empire and also is engaged by the editor of the Century Dictionary to describe Australian phrase ology, which is to form a part of the great work. Toronto will remember with pleasure Mr. Douglas Sladen's visit and his friends hope that he will be able to remain with us longer on his return from the west.

*

On Thursday evening at All Saints' Church was celebrated the marriage of Mr. Fred C. Anderson, of the P. O. Department of Ottawa, and Miss Minerva Kerr, daughter of Mr. A. T. Kerr. The bride wore a dress of white satin and lace, and was attended by Miss Kathleen Kerr, Miss Anderson and Miss Nita Douglass. The groomsman was Mr. Earnest Anderson of the Dominion Bank.

*

Mr. J. W. Bengough, editor of *Grip*, accompanied by his wife and brother-in-law, Mr. Frank H. Liddall, have gone on a three months trip to British Columbia. Mr. Bengough will deliver many of his inimitable and enjoyable chalk talks along the route.

*

Cards are out for the marriage of Alton H. Garratt, M.D., to Miss Mima Fletcher, daughter of Mr. John Fletcher, which will take place at St. Luke's Church on October 3.

*

The annual regatta of the Toronto Canoe Club was held last Saturday afternoon. As usual the rooms were beautifully decorated and many ladies, wives and friends of the members were present to witness the sport. The first tandem paddling, open, was won by Messrs. Johnson and J. Elgie. Event Third—Decked, paddling, was won by Hugh McLean, who paddled all the way standing up. Event Fourth—Paddling, open, cruising canoes, was won by Major Leigh. Event Five—Paddling, class 4, open, was won by R. G. Muntz. Event Six—Sailing, upset race, was won by Colin Fraser. Event Seven—Hurry scurry, this consisted of swimming fifty yards from club house to canoe, getting in and paddling round buoy. This was a close race and was won by Fisk Johnson. Event Eight—Handicap tandem, was won by Lt. G. Hackborn and William Wright. An amusing event finished the programme in the shape of a tug of war in canoes—T. G. Elgie and Arthur Mason against M. F. Johnson and R. B. Elgie, the former couple winning in two straight heats. The races being over the company repaired to the reception room, where refreshments were partaken of, and afterwards dancing was indulged in till ten o'clock. Among the visitors were: Mrs. Powell, Mrs. R. C. Matheson, Miss Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Massey, Miss Massey, Mr. Fred Massey, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Baker, Miss Boat, Miss Elgie, the Misses Kerr, Miss Campbell, Miss Gardner of Chicago and many others. Many expressions of appreciation were tendered "the boys" for the pleasant time spent, and God Save the Queen brought a most enjoyable regatta to an end.

*

Miss Clara H. Mountcastle (Caris Sima) the Canadian writer, has recently been elected an honorary member of Trinity Historical Society, Dallas, Texas, as an expression of their esteem and appreciation of her literary work.

*

Miss Hannan of Montreal has been spending the past week with the Misses Meredith of George street.

*

Miss Jardine-Thompson, the well-known young vocalist, leaves Toronto next Friday to finish her musical studies abroad. A farewell benefit will be given by some of our best local talent in Association Hall, on Thursday evening, September 25.

Art In Dress.

There are indications that the "Box" overcoat will be more worn than usual, during the coming season. Taylor & Co., Art Tailors, 89 Yonge street.

Coming Amusements.

Miss Vernona Jarbeau is the star who will give Starlight at the Grand Opera House all next week. Starlight is a musical comedy said to contain much bright and catchy music, many witty sayings and humorous situations, and a sparkling topical song, written by the star herself. Miss Jarbeau is reputed to be one of New York's liveliest soubrettes, with chic and fetching ways, a dainty figure daintily clad and a bright face which sparkles with fun. Her company has been highly spoken of. This will be Miss Jarbeau's first visit to Toronto.

At the Toronto Opera House, The Fugitive will be the attraction next week.

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FIDDLE AND I—on Goodeve's Song.... *(Otto Roeder)* 60c
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TORONTO.
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WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

At the Exhibition.

"Shall we go to the Exhibition to-night?" asked Darby, as we were taking tea the other evening. The suggestion was a startling one, for it was rather late then, but Darby in common with all men has his "little way," which is a most provoking habit of jumping over all recognized methods of procedure to reach conclusions, and he usually determines to go some place about fifteen minutes before it is time to start. However, I've become accustomed to it, and am now equal to the occasion in the matter of getting ready.

"I suppose we might go," I replied, "we ought to go up for one evening, and we can prowl around, see Moscow burned, and tell folks we've been up to the Exhibition." This little affirmation was accompanied by a mental argument on the question of raiment.

We caught the suburban train and had a nice little chat until a man came along and engaged the senior member of "we" company in a discussion on the relative values of stocks and I forgot to listen, turning my attention to the observance of a newly wedded couple. They were lovers when I saw them in G—— a year ago, and it is astonishing how they have changed. She was a pretty little doll-faced thing with brown eyes that knew how to look. The "know how" has gone out now and she drums on the window sash while he reads the evening paper, without offering her half of it.

If Darby ever gets so mean that he won't give me a piece of the paper at breakfast or tea, I'll burn the steak, spoil the coffee and serve fried potatoes cold and then we'll see if he won't talk instead of reading.

The grounds were overrun by a crowd of people, who were standing and walking around firmly impressed with the idea that they were enjoying themselves, when in reality they were tired almost beyond endurance. Twelve hours spent in the purchase of "caper-seed" is a hard day's shopping, and many of those present had come by early trains and would leave on the latest.

In the Art Gallery we moved leisurely around, and criticized, applauded, smiled and saddened as the various subjects induced doubt, pleasure, mirth or thoughtfulness.

My gravely sedate Darby dislikes cats; and I, well, I like them, and I enjoy teasing him, so I warmly praised all the representatives of feline comfort and cuteness for the express purpose of bringing to Mr. Clare's face a look of dignified disgust.

The little group who were standing before Mr. Forbes' portrait of Sir John Macdonald were amused—some to uncontrollable hilarity—by an old man's evident appreciation of the justice done his chief.

Garbed in a manner which indicated his indifference to the latest advice of Dame Fashion's husband, with straggling beard, unkempt hair, and bushy eyebrows, he stood in an attitude of surprise and pleasure. He had passed quickly through the gallery until he came to the Premier's portrait, when a hearty "Yeh-hu," called attention to him, "Yeh, haw-hee," he continued, and jogging his companion's arm he exclaimed: "Ef there ain't Sir John! He's got a light suit on—had one when he come to open the show, and a red necktie, same's ever. Ain't he a fine old man?"

Passing from the gallery we followed the crowd to what appeared to be the greatest attraction—the burning of Moscow. While waiting for the conflagration to take place I made the acquaintance of a little girl who had been "seeing the show" all day. The small maiden's flowing hair became attached to the fringe on my wrap, and it was during the process of separation that we became friends.

"There's nine of us here," said the little one, "and we're 'bout saw everything. I've been noticing all I could, for all of us that come have to write a composition on the Fair the next day at school."

"Dear me, I wish I could read it," I said. "Do you, really now," asked Litteria, "for if you do, I'll send you one."

Her kind offer was accepted; her composition duly arrived, and it is given in full below. Of course we have all read in the daily papers of the "surging crowd;" the "splendid effects of the fireworks which away among the stars burst into showers of rainbow-hued sparks" (poor Shelley's "golden bees" were nowhere). We have held our breath while we read the exciting descriptions of the fired Moscow; have fancied we heard the bugles of the advancing army and the gnash of Napoleon's teeth. We have read the description—we have viewed the reality, and little Litteria's version, while quite truthful, is rather different from the written account or the mental impression.

"We all went to the Fair. There was eight of us, pa, ma, me and Ben, sister Liza and Jim Butler, Aunt Mary and Aunt Kate. We saw lots of things, but I forget most of them. I got a bundle of advertising cards for my scrap album; but Liza got more'n I did, for Jim Butler gave her all his. There was a man made of everlastingly dried flowers. We looked at most everything, but I can't remember many of them. The pictures was pretty, and there was all sorts of funny things. Men and women kept playing on pianos so hard that my head ached; and it was dusty. We saw the Dog trot, and he did go. The horses and cows were nice, and there was awful big hens and things. Some balloons went up dreadful high; and a man went with them to bring them back, so's they wouldn't get lost. There's an awful funny place where a stone woman turns into a really one, and then she goes into a wreath of roses, and when you're wondering however she did it, she turns into a woman from the roses, and talks. (There must have been a man around moving her, I don't believe that's true really.

"The fire works was the prettiest of all. They had a city made—it was Moscow, where Napoleon tried to get, and the men just ran around and set fire to it, so he couldn't get anything to eat; and in all history there is nothing more appalling than the story of his retreat. When the winter snows melted, the bones of 400,000 men lay white from Moscow to Niemen, and he got half a million to go.

"When it got dark they shot off fireworks. Some banged awful and went up ever so far, then kind of smacked and turned all colors. Some of them just fizzed kind of shivery like and burst down farther. One kind banged hard, and then shot off ever so many times. Then there was an elephant that wagged his trunk. He was all colors and had a blanket. Funny little fizzy things ran along and shot off when they got there every time.

"My, it did blaze, and the tops of the churches just tumbled down and was all black. When the houses and things were falling I had a lump in my throat and shivers in my back; but we had to go home soon and it was so hard to get through the crowd that I forgot all about being frightened any more."

"She had a very nice time," said Darby, in a low tone, as I finished reading it to him. There was a reflective abstracted look on his good-humored face, and I knew what he was thinking of. I knew that Darby had gone back to the days when, children of Litteria's age, we had managed to get our various 'folks' to go to the Exhibition on the same day; and when we would wander off to see things and forget to look at them when we got there—just because we were happy.

"It's no use talking, Dot," said he, using my childhood's diminutive, "we did have good times up there, didn't we?" "Yes," I replied, "and we'll go again."

FRANCES BURTON CLARE.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16.

"Some of the prettiest women in the country are right here in the Treasury Department," said a friend to me recently. And he was about right. A great many of them are Washingtonians, but, as a class, they represent the beauty of about the whole country. They are blondes and brunettes; short and tall and medium; some plump, some queenly, some willowy—they are fairly the types of the several great cities and about all the states of the Union. In that one building, covering four blocks, is to found as much beauty as a hunt through many large cities might discover. A large proportion of the female clerks are young, or at least on the minus side of the line beyond which lies old maidhood. Office life is not promotive of longevity, and many of the elderly women have died off or reached an age beyond usefulness. Those who have come into the department within the past four or five years are mostly young women, who entered the government service through the civil service examination. They are a bright lot of young women.

They are usually of a refined type of good, sensible pretty girls—a little beyond girlhood. They always dress in good taste though not generally in an expensive style. During the ordinary working hours the visitor to the Treasury will not see many of these young women. They are apt to be hard at work behind closed doors or just shut from view by green baize screens. But during the half hour allowed for lunch a swarm of pretty female clerks rush about the corridors to exchange bits of gossip or to get their tea.

"What will be the tendency of legislation this session?" asked your correspondent of a member of the coming Congress, whose prominence in the Democratic party makes his views worth reporting. "Your question cannot be answered very satisfactorily," said this gentleman, "until we see what the President recommends in his message, but there are several matters that I am certain will be before Congress for its action. The army and navy both require a good deal of legislation. There is a very general sentiment among Democrats that one of the things this administration must continue to do is re-create the naval service. Yes, I used the word re-create advisedly, the work must not stop and it must be overhauled completely and restored to the position it occupied among the world's fleets before the war. The Democratic party has always been the friend of the two services

"I will tell you what I am in favor of, and I presume I may fairly say that the average Democratic congressman feels about as I do. In the first place, we intend, if the Administration will permit it, to rebuild the Navy. All these ideas have to grow. We Democrats have declared in Congress and to the people for the past ten years that we believed a navy such as the dignity of the American Republic demanded was an absolute necessity, and that if we ever came into power this was one of the first things we meant to have done. There is not a Democrat of any prominence in either House who has not made this declaration some time or other. It might have been attempted before we did if the naval experts could have agreed upon the kind of ships wanted. That seems to have been settled at last, and now we are ready to go to work and aid a Republican administration to finish what we begun. I am in favor of the construction of thirty more new ships of war, in addition to those being built. That would give us a fleet of sixty men-of-war of the best kind." "Do you mean to say you believe, even if the Democrats are willing that Congress will agree to such an enormous increase in our navy as you intimate?" was asked in some surprise. "Yes, I do, and I'll tell you why. These ships would be of iron and steel. Besides the patriotic feature of the matter, there is an economic view. The rebuilding of the navy would create at once a demand for the best class of iron this country produces, and stimulate the iron production in a very healthy way. Besides the country's protection, which is a prime duty. Congress would be encouraging and assisting a very important industry. Perhaps the world ought to be so advanced as to need no armies or navies, but it isn't. Therefore let us make ours as effective as we can."

An impression prevails that the Tanner matter will be investigated by Congress, and then the correspondence and the report of Secretary Noble's investigation committee will be given to the public. This commission has finished its work and given up its rooms at the Pension Office, though it has not yet been finally dissolved.

L.

Why They Took Him Home.

He was a delicate little chap, and he had not much appetite. He was also a plain man child and crazy to get into a boy's suit. They got him one and told him if he did not eat he would not fill his clothes. He ate, he forced himself to eat; he was so afraid they would take them away again. His mother took him to visit some friends. There was a beautiful, modest, charming, innocent young lady. The party was at dinner, and the delicate little cuss was sitting there gorging and listening. The innocent young lady was in love or something. I suppose some interesting young man had squeezed her hand or said something very tender, or done something very silly, and she was not eating very heartily. They chided her gently on her want of appetite. Then the delicate little terror looked across the table and said:

"You'd better eat something or your pants won't fit you."

They took him home.—*San Francisco Chronicle*

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The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

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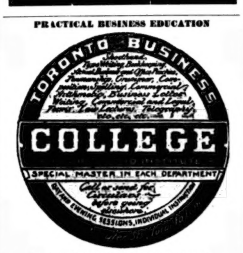

FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.
For circulars address J. M. Crowly, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

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W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Have now opened 550 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, consisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Dress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Cloakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description.
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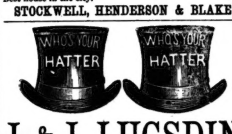

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GRAND FALL OPENING
WILL TAKE PLACE
Tuesday, September 24
LADIES are invited to call and inspect on this and following days our large and very choice assortment of NOVELTIES in
NEW MANTLES and DRESS GOODS
From the Leading Makers of France and Germany.
Our Stock of MANTLES, STREET JACKETS, Circulars, Dolmans, Fall Wraps, Etc., is larger, better and more complete than ever.
CHILDREN'S MANTLES } Maid's Ulsters, Cloaks, Etc., are a special feature of our business this fall. Children's Mantles of every kind and description from two years up.
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Trimmings, Fringes, Velvets, &c., comprising all the newest designs as worn in New York and Paris.
DRESS AND MANTLE-MAKING OUR SPECIALTY
Only Competent Hands Employed

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

Miss Carnegie's Companion

They bore the sick girl to a stifling little hotel kept by an oil faced Greek landlord and his Smyrniote wife. Ice and fresh fruit were to be had, though not easily, for the English lord was given to understand that a disease had attacked the vines, and a withering blight had decimated the melons, and these things were only to be had at terrible prices. Under the dubious shelter of this roof they laid Effie Carnegie—to die, as it seemed. The low Levantine fever had prostrated her so that she had no strength left to fight against the fell enemy, consumption, and the lively little French Navy doctor who attended her grew less lively and more grave day by day. Then came an hour when the delayed end seemed very near, and Felix was hurriedly summoned to the bedside. Linda knelt by the pillow, the dying girl held her hand in her own frail white fingers, and as Felix entered she stretched the other hand to him with a smile.

"It's the end, they tell me," she said, speaking with a faint trace of her native accent. "And there's something that I must say to you both before I go. There's no need to greet—I mean to cry, Linda, dear," for Linda had broken into unrepressed weeping. "It's better as it is. For you and Felix will be happy together." Then, as Linda started guiltily, and Felix felt his heart stop beating and then go on again, "Oh, my dears," said Effie, wiping away a few gentle tears of her own, "I have known it all the time. And my heart has been like to break with sorrow for us all. For I was angry at first, Felix, and then I remembered, and the anger went away. Promise me that when it's all, all over you'll be married to each other. Linda will not be a dowerless bride; I have spoken to my father, and he has promised to treat her like his own. For I let him think—and I hope it was no wrong of me—that my love for ye was all gone, before your heart turned to her." There was silence in the room, and then the door opened and a Presbyterian minister appeared on the threshold, and Felix was drawn gently from the room by the little French doctor.

But Miss Carnegie did not die. The hemorrhage of the lungs was staunched, the danger averted. The little French doctor was worth his salt, and a happy and grateful father was Michael Carnegie when he had prevailed on the little man—who had retired from the navy some years before—to accompany them to England on board the Anthea. Sir Felix felt his position to be an uncomfortable one—even hinted at returning by a different route, but Linda wept and Mr. Carnegie treated his scruples with scorn. "She'll no mind a wee," he said, alluding to his daughter. "It was just a foolish bit liking that she had for ye, but she tells me a' that's ower now, and there's nothing to hinder cauld lovers from being warm friends." He thought of nothing but his recovered daughter. And, indeed, that illness seemed to be the turning point with Effie Carnegie. The little French doctor held forth hopes of her complete recovery. He was handsome and agreeable, as well as skilful in his profession, this little son of the Gallic Esculapius, and, it came out by and by, a member of one of the most distinguished families in France.

Linda and Sir Felix were regarded as affianced lovers. There was no delightful uncertainty about those stolen meetings on deck, no flavor of the forbidden fruit in their kisses. Felix was duly alive to the absurdity of the situation regarded from the worldly point of view, and writhed beneath and under the jokes that would be made in Clubland at the expense of the young baronet who, when he sailed for the south, had been betrothed to the rich heiress, and now returned in the character of the affianced husband of her paid companion. It was an unpleasant thought, and it obtruded itself again and again.

It was bright but blusterous spring weather that attended their voyage home, and the sole adventure that came to them might, but for the adroitness with which the schooner answered to her helm and the way her young skipper handled her, have been attended with unpleasant consequences. Evening had fallen, accompanied by sleeting rain and fine mist. The schooner was plunging against a headwind through the long surges of the North Atlantic Ocean, when a trampling of feet sounded overhead and a series of loud shouts startled the party who sat at dinner in the cabin. There was a shock, a crashing, rending sound, the vessel seemed to stagger and recoil for an instant, and then, recovering herself, danced on through the hurly-burly of the angry night. The ladies sat pale and frightened, the gentlemen rushed on deck, where they found everything in confusion.

"What is the matter?" shouted Felix, breathlessly.

No need to ask. The rattle of fallen blocks, cordage, and canvas that encumbered the weather-bows, the thrashing of loose ropes that mingled with the shrieking of the shrill wind, showed that something had been carried away.

"Ship nearly ran us down, sir," said the skipper in explanation. "A Dutchman she looked like, by her unwieldy hull. Shot out of the dark across our bows like a lumbering ghost, and whipped away our foresheet with one of her great raking spars. But she was well away on our quarter before there was time to do anything but wonder why we weren't smashed into staves. The closest thing I ever saw."

As he spoke, a wild shriek came soaring out of the darkness. Another followed, but fainter and further astern.

"No hope for him, whoever he is," said the sailing-master. But Mr. Carnegie ordered a couple of hencoops and a spare lifebuoy to be thrown astern, on the faint chance of one of them reaching the drowning creature, and the men obeyed in silence. But when he announced his resolve of heaving the ship to under as little sail as would suffice to keep her from rolling too heavily, and waiting for the daybreak before abandoning all hope of sighting the castaway, they grumbled openly. Still, the owner persisted, and the master, as in duty bound, seconded his commands, and when the long spell aloft was over, and the last bit of canvas cleared away, the injured feelings of the crew were soothed by the judicious administration of extra grog.

Morning dawned fair and fresh, with a light swell and gentle breeze blowing out of the north-west. The schooner had drifted but little, and no sign was to be seen of the vessel that had so nearly run her down. But those in the mizzen-top descried a small black object floating a mile or so on the lee quarter, and this, on examination with the glass, proved to be one of the hen coops thrown overboard on the previous night. And to it a human being was clinging, the head and the clinging hands now raised into sight by the heave of the wrinkled green water—now lost sight of in the trough of a sliding sea. The bearing of the object were hurriedly taken, three of the hands jumped into one of the lee-quarter boats, and, not long after she had been lowered away and vanished from the sight of those leaning over the rail, a faint cheer from aloft announced that her mission had been successful. And as she hauled alongside and the dripping mass of humanity was slung on board in the bight of a rope handled by three or four sailors who hung over the side, Linda was amongst those who pressed forward to look upon the face of the rescued. And then from her lips broke a strange shrill cry, like the cry of the night before, and the girl reeled back with a face full of ashy horror and dropped like a dead thing at Sir Felix's feet. Nervous shock, of course; and, rather surprised at this sudden exhibition of weakness, they gathered and strove to restore her, while the doctor followed the sailors who carried the rescued man below.

Strengthened with hot soup and brandy, dried, and dressed in clothes borrowed from some of the men, he stronger presented a very different appearance to the drenched wisp of humanity that had been hauled over the side of the Anthea an hour or two before. The vessel had had so nearly run them down was an Australian wool ship on which he had been working his passage out. He was a poor devil of an artist, he said, with a shrug, who had failed in digging gold with the palette-knife and was going to try for it with the pickaxe instead. His name he gave, with a hardly perceptible hesitation, as Walter Handen. He had been engaged in some work aloft when the accident occurred, and remembered nothing but a crash, a stunning blow on the head from some falling tackle, and then the drowning plunge into the cold, dark water. But he did not care to recall this; it was bad enough to have undergone it, without summoning up its horrors again in imagination.

He was so plainly a man of some education that Mr. Carnegie had almost offered him the accommodation of the cabin, and so evidently not a gentleman that he had checked the impulse to do so before he turned away.

It was not long before the temporary enthusiasm regarding Mr. Walter Handen had died away. He had in the interest of the willingness of the forecastle to impart information. The story of Miss Carnegie's illness and her lover's defalcation was even known to him. Gentle Effie had spoken kindly to him and promised to use her influence with her father in his behalf, so as to obtain him free passage to the El Dorado of his dream in one of the Carnegie liners. But Linda avoided him, and Mr. Walter Handen had been a passenger on the Anthea for more than a fortnight when they suddenly encountered each other face to face.

Sir Felix leisurely smoking his pipe at the main-mast companion, a refuge not infrequently sought by him in these days, was a witness of the meeting. He noted Linda's start and recoil, and the evident recognition of the man. He saw Handen seize her roughly by the wrists, and turn her shrinking figure towards him, after making sure by one quiet look about the lonely decks that the action was unobserved. Of what they said, of course, not one word could reach him, but that the interview was a stormy one there was no doubt. And he watched them part, distrust and suspicion plainly evident in the manner of the one, and hatred and defiance animating every gesture of the other. And he descended to the deck in a whirl of curiously-mingled sensations. Linda was nowhere to be seen. Below, in the cabin, Mr. Carnegie was sleeping his usual after-dinner sleep upon the sofa, and Effie and the handsome little French doctor were deep in a game of chess. They had played a great many games of chess since Miss Carnegie's convalescence. On Sir Felix's entry Effie freed her right hand, which had been somehow imprisoned under the table, and turned a sweet flushed face and a friendly smile upon her recreant lover. Sir Felix went on deck again, and lit a Trichinopoly. But the weed would not draw, and the Baronet swore—not mildly, and threw it overboard. And as he leant over the bulwarks in the shadow of the long-boat, and stared into the swirling blackness, the sound of voices, subdued to a low tone, rose within hearing, and he knew that the man and woman whose meeting he had watched that day were holding conference near.

"So you're afraid I shall spoil the game, my girl," said Handen, coarsely. "And you want to bribe me to hold my tongue?"

"I want to bribe you," Linda returned, hoarsely, "to hold your tongue."

"But you don't offer me enough," said Handen, "to make the bribe worth taking. What are a few rings, a watch and chain—handsome enough, I'll own—and a dozen or so of soverei gns to me. I've lost everything I had in the world, except my wife," he laughed, sneeringly. "I've found her where least expected to find her, on board a swell pleasure yacht, with a rich young lady for her friend, and a smart young baronet for her lover. And the girl you robbed of her sweetheart is none on the Frenchman, and has forgotten her grudge against you. You hooked Sir F., cleverly, didn't you. Linda? Regularly pitched yourself at his head, just as you pitched yourself at mine, when you were music-teacher at that school in Brompton, and I came twice a week to teach the young ladies drawing, eh? You don't like to be reminded of that one of the mistake you made when you ran away and married me! You've a nasty temper, Linda. I wonder you didn't murder me one of those nights when I came home a little bit fresh and beat you?"

"You villain," she answered, in a strangled voice of passion, "I would murder you now if I could."

"Though I was very fond of you Linda," he said, whiningly, "and proud of you too, by jingo, when I was sober. But you were curs d expensive—fond of dress—you're dressed well now, Linda, and when you marry the baronet, you'll be my lady, and all that sort of thing. If your husband does n't turn up and prevent the match. I hope he won't, but I rather think he will, if it's not made worth his while to ke p out of the way."

"I have given you all the money in my possession," she said dully. "How am I to get more?"

He stooped and whispered in her ear.

"You villain," she said, "you are worse than even I thought you. Rob that old man who has been so kind to me!"

"Call it borrowing, and you'll feel better," said Handen coolly. "I know where he keeps the circular notes and the gold. If you do as I say, I shall touch at Boulogne; I've heard the skipper say so. Find the stuff and put it into my hands and leave me to my own devices. The devil himself couldn't catch me if I had an hour or two's start. And you will be free of me for the rest of your natural life if you choose."

"If I could trust you?" she said, pondering.

"If you are afraid of me and of yourself, of course the thing is no good," Handen went on. "In that case I shall make a clean breast to the Baronet, and claim some compensation for the injured feelings of a husband, etc. Perhaps he'll be glad enough to have you off his hands. I've heard it hinted that he hasn't shown much enthusiasm over his bargain since—"

He paused, for Sir Felix stepped out of the shadow and stood before him. Then he recovered himself with an effort, and said, with an attempt at his usual jauntiness of manner, "So the Baronet's been eavesdropping, Linda; and you and I are discovered like two conspirators in a play. I hope he's heard—"

"I heard you planning to commit robbery upon the owner of the vessel that saved your dastardly life," returned Felix; "and I heard you threaten his lady—"

"My wife, Baronet, my wife," returned the

So the Baronet's been eavesdropping, Linda, and you and I are discovered like two conspirators in a play.

other with a flourish of his hand towards the crouching figure of the unhappy woman. Sir Felix never forgot the wild anguish of the great eyes that gleamed into his in the starlight, or the drawn white horror of the face that turned upon his own. Then, after what seemed like a long pause, she spoke in a jarred, strange voice, very unlike Linda's full, rich tones.

"It is all true—I am his wife," she said. "I married him when I was scarcely seventeen. God help me! I was vain and pretty, and I thought it true what he told me—that he was a wealthy man playing a poor part to win me. And I found it all a lie. Then I left him. But"—and her voice rose on the still air like the shrill cry of some wounded sea bird—"till I met you, I never loved any man. And to be your wife—to hold you for my own against all the world, I would have been guilty of any crime. I would have robbed the old man who has treated me as if I were his daughter, as I deceived the daughter who treated me like a sister of her own. But it is all over—all over now."

Again the clinging arm about his neck, again the pressure of lips upon his own in a long, despairing kiss. Then, before either of the men could put out a hand to stay her, she sprang upon the rail, and, poising herself for an instant, turned and looked at the man she had loved and the man she hated—and was gone.

The merciful sea received her, the kindly Night covered up her passing, the roar of the surges drowned her shriek for aid—if any there was—and no human being ever looked upon her face again.

And the husband who had deceived her went his way at Boulogne, but without any of Mr. Carnegie's circular notes to serve as pocket lining; and the kind-hearted folk who had cherished her, mourned her in ignorance of her weakness and her crime; and the lover, who had been doubtful of his love all through, got over the shock of her awful death more quickly than might have been expected.

But he did not marry Effie, though he became convinced that his heart had really been hers all along. For Effie married the little French doctor, whose name and title as Count I never heard.

And the waters of the North Atlantic Ocean roll over the last resting-place of Miss Carnegie's Companion.

Why a Society Reporter Wanted Gore.

"I've seen lots of male editors whose yearning dream was to shed some proofreader's rich, red gore," said a newspaper friend, "but I never saw a woman on the rampage but once. She was the society reporter on a paper I worked on out west. I must confess that the proofreader was one of the worst of his class—dire bad isn't half strong enough. There wasn't a day but somebody's story wasn't made as silly as an end man's joke by the proofreader's blunders, and there was always somebody, from the city editor to the night policeman, who was looking for his scalp. I reckon he had a cave somewhere and that he hustled himself into it and locked himself in when the paper went to press and stay there till nightfall. Anyway, nobody could ever find him. But one night he got hold of an account of a swell reception—the biggest social blow-out the town had known for seasons. Everybody was there in war-paint, and the women who held family purse-strings were in their glory. Of course the paper did it up in great shape, and of course it fell to the fashion writer to describe the costumes. She threw herself, because it was a great chance, and was mighty proud of the column and a half description of the toilets she turned in. But, holy smoke! you should have seen her when she appeared at the office the next afternoon and asked where she could find the proofreader. She was white and red by turns, and spluttered so she could hardly tell straight. Everybody gathered around her to learn what had happened and she said:

"Miss So-and-So wasn't a belle of that affair last night, and for several reasons, some of which are entirely personal, I took great care to describe her toilet accurately. I wrote, among other things, that she wore a wide, antique collar and hand cuffs, and here's the way that brute of a proofreader fixed it:

"We looked at the line she pointed out and saw that it credited the daughter of the richest man in that section of country with wearing a snide antique collar and handcuffs."

"One by one we silently shook hands sympathizingly with the fashion reporter, and she took a hat-skewer from her pocket and braced out into the composing room looking for the proofreader. She didn't find him. I don't reckon he ever squared it with the girl."

Easy Derivation.

Teacher—What do you understand by the word normal?

Pupil—Being drunk.

Teacher—How do you find that meaning?

Pupil—I was awake last night when ma let pa in and I heard her tell him he'd come home in his normal condition.

Sure Indication.

Willie—I guess papa has said something that's made mamma very mad. He'll get a roasting after them callers has gone away.

Johnny—How do you know?

Willie—She's begun to call him "darling."

All in Order.

"How different Mr. Windfall is since he came into that money. What a change from his former pensive habit."

"Only a natural sequence. Now his habit is expensive."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders,

—SUCH AS—

Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, etc.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.

◆THIS IS NO FICTION◆

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.

"Worth a Guinea a Box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed will quickly restore females to complete health. For a Weak Stomach; Impaired Digestion; Disordered Liver;

THEY ACT LIKE MAGIC

A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the Muscular System; restoring long lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of Appetite, and arousing with the

ROSEBUD OF HEALTH

the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

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SOLD BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

EVANS & SONS, LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada.

Biasted Expectations.

He Conquered Her.

"Ten to one you'll fall in love with her," said Fred Edgerly energetically.

"I won't take the wager. I don't want to rob you, Edgerly."

"You think you are proof against any amount of attractions after bearing assault and battery from West Point belles for five years and upwards," Edgerly answered laughingly, as he glanced at the handsome bronzed face of his friend, as they drove over the high road leading from Cameron Station to Hurlton, where the two men were expected to join Mrs. Hurlton's gay party. "But you have not seen Miss Viner yet; when you do prepare to surrender unconditionally."

"You seem to forget that I am not an impressionable schoolboy," Lieutenant Fleetwell answered, with a scornful smile curling his lip under his heavy mustache. "I have seen hundreds of women handsomer and more charming than Miss Viner, I dare say, and I have escaped heart whole, fortunately," he added, with a sarcastic curl of the lip, which escaped his friend's notice.

"Fortunately! and why fortunately? Surely when a man is good looking, wealthy and in the army he ought to marry and give hostages to fortune."

"Perhaps he ought, if he can," said Lieutenant Fleetwell, carelessly.

"If he can! That can't apply to you, Fleetwell. There is hardly a woman in five hundred who would refuse you."

"Is there not? Why?"

"Because you are rich and handsome, in the army, and—and eligible.

"Excellent reasons for a woman to marry me," said Lieutenant Fleetwell, a trifle bitterly, "and equally excellent ones to keep me from matrimony," he added, as they turned in at the park gates and drove up the avenue leading to the old Hurlton mansion. It was a fine day, towards the latter part of September, bright and cheerful and sunshiny, and the grand, stately old brown stone building was looking its best in the haze of a golden sunlight.

It was upwards of five years since Lieutenant Fleetwell had seen his cousin's stately old mansion, and his handsome dark eyes brightened yet more as they dwelt upon it, and brightened yet more as they fell upon a lady in a picturesque tea gown who came out on the wide stone steps with her eager hands outstretched and her dark eyes aglow with pleasure.

"My dear Jerome, how glad I am," she said as Lieutenant Fleetwell took the little hands in his, and bending, kissed them with a graceful, Old World courtesy which was pleasant to see. "Frank is fishing, of course but he will be back early. What an age it is since we met!"

"It is a long time indeed," Jerome answered in his low, rich voice, "but looking at you, Florence, I am inclined to think that it is five months, and not five years, which have elapsed since I went to West Point."

"Wait till you see my boys," she said, laughing, as she turned to greet the young collegian with pleasant, cordial courtesy—and the two gentlemen followed her into the hall, a stately apartment in keeping with the exterior of the mansion. "Most of my lady guests have driven over to Bamby's Head," Mrs. Hurlton said, as she led the way across the mantle pavement towards one of the many doors which opened into the hall, "Miss Viner and I are alone. Mr. Edgerly I have good news for you, Miss Dusan is coming to-morrow."

As she spoke she pushed open a door leading into a pretty, dainty, rather æsthetic-looking room, where tea was waiting, and which at first seemed to be unoccupied, but as the door opened a lady who was standing by the open window, turned slowly round, and came towards them, holding out her hand to Mr. Edgerly with a smile, which did not blind him to the sudden gleam of intense eager admiration which flashed into Lieutenant Fleetwell's eyes as they rested upon her face.

She was very beautiful—there could hardly be two opinions upon that point. She was small, though queen-like; and her dress of some soft cream-colored material, which fell around her in soft folds, showed the beauty of a figure which was nothing less than perfect.

"Lieutenant Fleetwell—Miss Viner," said Mrs. Hurlton quietly, and Miss Viner bowed slightly while the faintest tinge of color rose in her fair face as she met Lieutenant Fleetwell's eager, dark, admiring eyes.

Hurlton Top was one of the very pleasantest houses in the country to stay at, for the hostess exercised the greatest discretion and judgment in the choice of her guests, and spared no pains to make their visit an enjoyable one. Mrs. Hurlton was, like many another happy wife, a ma chmaker at heart.

It very soon became apparent to some of her lady visitors that their pretty hostess had designs against the peace of mind of her husband's cousin—and Fred Edgerly smiled to himself as he saw how hopeless-ly and irretrievably in love his friend had fallen with Miss Viner before many days had elapsed.

September drifted into October. On a smooth lake some little distance from the house, an idle boat with idle oars was floating down with the current. The moonlight played at will on the placid breast of the lake.

Such the picture had one been a mere spectator to the mimic scene—but to the two actors surroundings were lost sight of—they thought only of themselves.

Mocking the silver moon, when they glanced upward, they could see across the lake and through the trees the twinkling lights of Hurlton Top and hear the merry voices and gay laughter of the group on the bank from which they had just escaped. Arch smiles had passed between its members as they had seen Dorothy Viner and Jerome Fleetwell stroll off arm in arm to where the little boat was moored.

The women had almost ceased to be jealous of Dorothy—or to ask where lay her charm. When she exercised her fascinations men bowed before her—first from necessity, then from choice.

But though her victims were countless, she was twenty four and Dorothy Viner still. However, this time she had encountered (her little sister said) a foeman worthy of her steel. Where she was among men, Jerome Fleetwood was among women. Therefore, seeing these two brought beneath the same roof and thrown into daily intercourse, rumor was rife, and speculation awaited results with bated breath. Meanwhile the little boat floated calmly on the surface of the lake.

"Miss Viner!—Dorothy!"

It was the first word either had uttered in full ten minutes. She looked quickly up at the speaker. The white knit scarf thrown carelessly upon her dark hair, out from which peered the beautiful pale face, lent her some of the moon's mystic charm; but meeting the earnest gaze of the dark, magnetic eyes been upon her, hers fell for an instant. Then, a though ashamed of the momentary weakness she again shot a questioning look into Lieutenant Fleetwell's face.

"Miss Viner," he repeated calmly, "did you know we were in danger?"

"In danger!"

The dreamy look faded from her face, the color deserted her cheeks and, shivering heavily, she glanced up at the blue vault where sailed so majestically the Goddess of Night—down into the dark depth of the water, out to see the silvery moon's brilliancy reflected there, around about her. All was peaceful.

"No," he said, in answer to her look, "none from any of these. The moon, the wind, the water—all are our friends to-night. We are in danger from each other."

Oh, how she prayed the moon might fail to make apparent the instant flushing of blood to her cheek! She felt it as like a warm crimson rose, even while she raised her little head almost defiantly, as though to hurl a challenge at his audacity. Men had made love to her in many forms, but always as supplicants. This man dared to suppose her in equal danger with himself!

"You deal in riddles, Lieutenant Fleetwell," she returned coldly. "I am accustomed to plain speech."

"Rather say that plain speech is to you an unknown tongue, and that I am the first man who has dared to speak frankly. Would you have me speak plainer still? You shall have your wish. A week longer under the same roof with you, a week more of exposure to your fascinations and my ship would go to wreck and ruin on the bar; unless"—he leaned nearer, his voice grew softer, more full of tender feeling, and his hand fell on hers very lightly, but with caressing grace—"unless Dorothy, you would let it float your pennon and guide it into the safe harbor of your love."

She had been wooed many times, in many climes, by many men, but nothing had ever moved her as this wooing, on this moonlight night in October. Yet this soldier—this man—dared tell her that in another week this might come to pass.

Others had sworn to go from her presence to put an end to the existence she had rendered miserable, or had vowed that henceforth woman's smile would be gall and wormwood, or pleaded that she had shorn their manhood of its strength and rendered their life a burden.

This one did none of these things. While his strength yet was his he saw and met the danger.

"A week hence," she said to herself bitterly, "and the flame might singe him. Now his wings are all unscorched. He does not say: 'I love you!' 'In time I might love you!' Was he then to win so easy a victory? Never."

"Let us go home," she interrupted in a constrained voice. "It is growing chilly."

"Dorothy, is this my answer?"

"Your answer?" with an assumption of surprise. "I was not aware of any question."

"You shall not have even this excuse. Will you be my wife?"

His voice was hoarse and stern, and his grasp tightened on her hand.

"You hurt me, Lieutenant Fleetwell," she complained petulantly, making an effort to withdraw her fingers.

Instantly he released her.

"I see that I hurt you," he returned courteously, and took up the oars. "Pardon me," he continued, "I will not do it ever again."

A few bold strokes and the boat's keel grated on the shore. Ten minutes later and the two reappeared in Mrs. Hurlton's beautifully appointed salon. On the parterre beyond, shown the red light from a man's cigar. It was still there, still gleaming when she had gone up to her own room. She crossed to the window to pull down the shade, but stood a minute, fascinated, motionless.

"After to-night he will forget me," she murmured, sadly. "And I—I shall remember him—forever!"

Then, as though a sudden truth had burst upon her, she drew down the shade, to throw herself, with a quick, impetuous motion, prone upon her couch, and weep the first heart tears she had ever shed.

"It is all over—Miss Viner has refused him." This was the general verdict when, twenty-four hours later, Jerome Fleetwell bade his friends adieu, and withdrew to town on plea of sudden business.

"The news soon reached Dorothy's ear. "I have not refused him," she said aloud; "not even that satisfaction is mine," she said to herself—"nor ever will be! It was only 'the might have been.'"

He was not a man, she knew full well, to plunge desperately into flirtation, or associate his name at once with another woman's or to retire later or rise earlier or in any way disturb the even tenor of his way. The difference between them was only this—his heart was healing, perhaps already healed, but he would bear its scar to the grave; hers was a festering sore, which hurt the more that she had let the physician who might work its cure pass her by.

The summer wanes to a close. Autumn had touched the mountain and hillside into a glorious beauty of brown and red. Then came winter's lagging footsteps, mercifully bearing the exquisite white shroud of snow to cover up all signs of devastation and decay.

The season in the gay world was at its height. Occasionally murmurs among the debutantes for its honors arose at the fact that, though Miss Viner's fifth winter, her former success paled in its most effulgent light. She and Lieutenant Fleetwell constantly met. She almost wished he might avoid her, but at their first chance encounter, he had approached with outstretched hand.

"How charmingly you are looking, Miss Viner," he had said. And all in vain she had watch d for a tremor in his tone, or a shadow of embarrassment in his manner.

"Only a week between him and shipwreck," she thought, bitterly. "Oh, he has sailed so far from the fatal rock that doubtless he would now laugh at its supposed danger—and I—I was weak enough to think he stood upon the precipice's brink!"

The new year had come, and one evening Dorothy stood alone in her father's drawing-room, looking out at the fast gathering darkness, when through its sombre shade she saw a figure pass and mount the steps. "A visitor," she uttered wearily; then waited the inevitable announcement she knew must follow. But spite of her every effort, she started when the servant, throwing open the door, called out "Lieutenant Fleetwell!" Oh, how glad she was that the rooms were not yet lighted as she went forward to receive him!

"May I welcome you indeed, Dorothy?" she questioned.

"As you will," he answered. "I have but a few moments to stay. I am come to bid you good-by and to ask you to wish me bon voyage."

"Bon voyage! You are going abroad!"

"Yes. I sail on Thursday. I hesitated about calling, but my desire to see you led me to believe you would pardon my audacity in supposing my going a question of enough moment to make it worthy a special call."

"My friends are always welcome. I did not suppose it necessary you should hear that repeated now."

"Nor is it. It was only a morbid fancy on my part which induced me to question it. I come back, I trust, with my mind clearer. At least I shall be some years older. When I return I presume I shall look for Miss Dorothy Viner in vain, until I find her in some matron, equally charming. I cannot imagine her quite staid and portly."

So he could speak thus lightly of her becoming the wife of another man! And he was going away; she might never again hear his voice nor see his face. It was too cruel! He and fate were too strong for her. The tears gathered in the black eyes, but the darkness hid them.

He rattled on—she had no need to speak. Then he rose to go.

"Good by, Miss Viner!"—he took her hands in both his—"Good by! God bless you!"

Was it her fancy that just at the last his voice trembled?

He crossed the room; he had gained the door. Another instant he would be gone; another instant it would be too late.

"Jerome!" she said softly.

Two strides, it seemed, brought him back to her side.

"You called me, for what? To make my going harder!"

"Oh, is it hard! In mercy tell me, for my own heart is breaking!"

"Your heart is breaking! Dorothy, Dorothy! what does this mean!" But the sound of her sobs was his only answer.

"Dorothy," he continued, "can it be that I have judged you wrongly! Look up, my darling! Is it your wish that I should stay?"

Then she found her voice. "I thought you did not love me enough,' she murmured. "But stay, or if you must go take me with you."

"I will," he answered her simply as he folded her in his arms.

A month later a great steamer moved slowly out to sea, and as they stood on the deck, hand clasped in hand, with the salt breeze blowing keenly in their faces, it bore them away into the placid beauty of the coming night, toward the Old World and the new life.

A Touching Incident.

"I want to go to bed, so give me a room as soon as you can. I ought to have reached the city early this afternoon and here it is eleven o'clock."

"What made you so late?" asked a Giraid House clerk, as he threw down a key to which the red light from a man's cigar. It was still there, still gleaming when she had gone up to her own room. She crossed to the window to pull down the shade, but stood a minute, fascinated, motionless.

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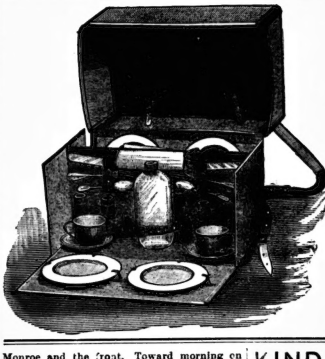

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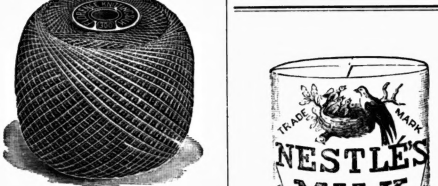

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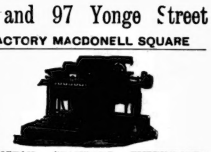

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Teacher—Yes. One would be left.
Scholar (doggedly)—No it wouldn't. I'd eat that too!

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The Clerical Tone.

A question which must often have forced itself upon those frequently thrown into the society of ministers is: "Why should clergymen, either in or out of the pulpit, habitually speak in a tone and manner conspicuously different from those employed by others?" Is not the distinctively clerical tone an anachronism—a survival of the days when priests and rulers thought it necessary to separate themselves as far from the people as possible? Nowadays the ministers recognize the necessity of getting into closer relations with their flocks, mingling more freely with them and learning by the association something of the temptations and trials of practical everyday life. But the traditions of the profession still require that the pastor shall always speak in an artificial, constrained tone of voice, supposed to give special solemnity and dignity to his utterances. Instead of inspiring reverence and giving weight to his spiritual admonitions, the effect of the clerical tone upon most hearers is to convey the idea of professionalism. It savors of unreality and affectation rather than the serious counsel of man to man. It would be far better if the members of the ministerial profession would eschew the distinctively clerical enunciation and speak in the natural, unaffected tone in which people ordinarily converse on matters of serious import. It is not necessary to go, as some do, to the other extreme and introduce an air of levity and frivolity into the pulpit, but even this tendency, though carried too far by some, is an evidence of a healthy reaction against traditional clerical mannerisms of voice and demeanor, and a desire to meet their flocks on the plane of ordinary practical life. The ministerial tone has been a great drawback to the work of bringing religion home to men's daily lives and consciousness, and the preachers who abandon it are likely to succeed best with the masses.

Queer Constitutions.

There are no two people with constitutions exactly similar. Nature has furnished every man, woman and child with a physical and mental disposition as distinctive as his or her face. Foods which to some people are delicious will make others seriously ill, and there are some so constituted that they are injuriously affected by sights and objects which are in themselves beautiful and inncent. Flowers, than which nature produces nothing more charming, are positively disliked by some people, and an instance is related of a military officer who went into convulsions when he found himself shut up in a room where pinks were displayed. Ecclesiastical history also hands down the case of a monk who fainted at the sight of a rose, and never left his cell while the flower was blooming; while the author Orfila mentions a painter who, when he looked upon the same flower, was attacked with excessive giddiness, and sometimes swooned. Scaliger, the celebrated scholar, lost every particle of color in his cheeks when he beheld water-cress, and it was one of the thoughtful provisions of his friends when they invited him to their houses to banish that excellent dietetic from the table. Sounds of a not unpleasant kind to the majority of people convey through the ears of some acute punishment. Falling water is generally considered the sweetest music, but to Boyle the inevitable consequence of listening to it was a fainting fit. Hippocrates cites the cases of Nicanor, who swooned when he heard a flute, and Julian Young tells of an officer who was greatly tormented at the sound of a drum, and when compelled to hear one fell dead. It is no novel thing for people to experience a creeping, shivering sensation, anything but pleasant, on hearing a pencil drawn across a slate in a perpendicular position, or even at the mere brushing of a piece of satin, but the case of a lady mentioned by the greatest of Swiss writers, Zimmerman, who shuddered on touching the velvety skin of a peach, calls for wonder.

A "Professional" Nuisance.

Your professed wag is a nuisance—a sort of man who sits watching for an opportunity to twist even the most affecting piece of intelligence into a joke, and if he have not quickness enough of his own to perpetrate this piece of absurdity, he is prepared to relate an anecdote of a friend of his, to whom he gives a name, which occurred at a place which he also designates, and which, long before he has proceeded half way through it, you recognize as something your grandfather told you when he was dancing you on his knee; the result is, the wag, having been the only talker for ten minutes, finds himself the only laugher at the end of that period.—*Ex.*

Consistency.

Elderly party (as train stops at Long Branch, calling after departing passenger)—Hi! sir! You've left your bundle.

Passenger returns, gathers up his parcel, and with a hurried "thank you" rushes out again.

Elderly party (to lady opposite)—Stupid! A man who leaves his property behind him in a train deserves to lose it.

At Hollywood, elderly party alights.

Lady (as train steams off towards Elberon)—Porter! The old gentleman who just got off forgot his overcoat.

A few days ago I saw an interesting memento of the great violinist, Ferdinand David. About twenty years ago, two young ladies were passing through Leipsic, and called on the great master, who received them very kindly, heard them play, and praised them highly. He gave them practical evidence of his approval by handing them the card I refer to, on which he wrote: "To Herr M. D. Bilse of Berlin: I recommend to Herr Bilse the excellent violin lists, Misses Bertha and Emmy Drechsler, Hamilton. They will have great success in Berlin, and they play to-day at the Gewandhaus. Leipsic, 21 October, 1869." One of these young ladies is known in Toronto as Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson, and has not by any means lost her cunning with her favorite instrument.

•

The attention of our music-students is being directed more and more to the necessity of pursuing the study of harmony in a systematic manner. This is no doubt one good result of the influence of the College and Conservatory. Young students are appreciating the assistance given them by study, and the teachers are seeing the necessity of fitting themselves for the imparting of instruction in this department of musical art. Among its successful instructors is Mr. Thomas Singleton of Port Hope, who teaches a large class by correspondence. Mr. Singleton sent up four pupils last spring for the first Mus. Bac. examinations, and all passed, one first-class and three second-class. Last year he sent up three, all of whom passed.

•

What poor music we have had at the Exposition this year! My remark of a few weeks ago as to the indifference of the directors to good music has been fully borne out by the generally poor playing of the bands engaged. It is, no doubt, a good thing to encourage the country bands by engaging them for the fair, especially when they are likely to bring large contingents of visitors with them, but it is a little hard upon those who would turn from the infernal din of the musical instruments exhibits, and would seek relief by turning to the band music, to be compelled to stand the infliction of a poorly taught band, playing out of time, and regaling its hearers with music of the commonest kind. There is no excuse for this when there are three or four really good bands available in our midst, whose playing would prove a strong attraction, rather than a deterrent, as is such music as has been wafted on the breezes during the last fortnight. They do these things better over the border. At Buffalo they had Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band from New York, and at St. Louis Gilmore's Band is now playing at the Exposition. Similar enterprise and public spirit in Toronto would surely meet with substantial recognition.

•

Miss Horning of Brantford, who has been singing in the Dundas street Presbyterian Church, London, is now singing at the Jarvis street Baptist Church.

•

The concert season is slow in opening, although Signor Rubini is already in the field as the pioneer in this department. He announces a concert at the Pavilion, to take place on Tuesday evening next, when he will be assisted by M'lle Adele Strauss, Mr. H. M. Field, Signor Napolitano, Miss Maud Harris, Miss Jardine Thompson, Mr. John Morley and Mr. George Macpherson. As this is the first event of the new season it should be well attended.

•

The Hamilton Philharmonic Society was born anew on Monday evening last, and chose Mr. Clarence Lucas as conductor. It was finally decided to give the Messiah during Christmas week. Well done!

•

Speaking of the Messiah, it now appears unlikely that that oratorio will be done here this Christmas. This is to be regretted, as many lovers of this model of all oratorios had begun to believe that its performance would become an annual event. Why not do it altogether with local forces and charge 25 cents? It would afford everybody an opportunity to hear this sublime work.

•

The Vocal Society reassembles on Monday, 30th inst., not last Monday, as erroneously stated last week.

•

The College of Music has added to its staff several new names, among them being Sig. Ed. Rubini, Mrs. Drechsler-Adamson and Mr. G. H. Fairclough. Herr Ernst Mahr, whose fine violoncello playing was so much admired last spring, will teach the 'cello and piano. An *ensemble* class will be formed among the advanced pianists, and trios, quartettes and quintettes will be studied. Mr. Grant Stewart, B.A., Cantab., is another addition to the College staff, and will have charge of the elocution department.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

Despite the fact that in neither of our theaters has there been a first-class attraction this week they have done an immense business on account of the large influx of visitors to the Industrial Exhibition. At the Grand Opera House Daniel Sully, an Irish comedian, appeared in a play called Daddy Nolan. This company was obtained by Mr. Sheppard to fill the time booked for the late George Fawcett Rowe, whose death was chronicled in this column two weeks ago. While Daddy Nolan is far from being the kind of show that the management of the Grand had originally arranged for, still it is not utterly bad. It is difficult to assign it to its proper column in dramatic creations. It ranges from melodrama to the most outrageous farce, and the changes from one situation to another are so sudden as to jar one's system badly. It has Daddy Nolan, an Irishman of New York, with an aldermanic cast of countenance, as its principal character. It has also a New York German saloonkeeper, who, with Daddy Nolan and his son, Jimmy Nolan, furnish most of the fun, which is often bright and fresh and always wholesome, something which cannot be said of all shows of this class. There is also a little conventional plot running through it all, the course of which is interrupted now and again by some singing and dancing, which is not well done. The company is not a tower of strength by any means, but I thought that the boy who plays Jimmy Nolan and is known on the house bill as Master Tommy was one of the cleverest kids I had seen in his particular line.

Under the Lash, which has been running at the Toronto Opera House to big business all week, is a melo-dramatic play of the usual type. Climaxes and thrilling situations follow each other with the rapidity and precision of the toots of a fog horn, but unlike those useful but monotonous sounds, they do not arise so naturally out of their environment. They are dragged in irrespective of all laws and by-laws whenever the interest of the audience needs stimulating. A trained dog is introduced as a startling novelty. Mr. Walter S. Sanford, in the part of Harry Burton, shows good ability, and Miss Annie Russell as Marie, the blind girl, did some commendable work. This is the third time the play has been seen in Toronto.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Howard Paul, a New York actor, aged sixty-three, recently married a charming English miss of seventeen. The papers do not mention Dr. B.-S.'s elixir in connection with the affair.

There is a strong probability that Mr. W. J. Florence will appear next year in the *role* of Mr. Potter of Texas, the hero of Archie Gunther's novel. It has often been suggested that the character would suit him to a dot. It is said that Gunther wrote it originally in dramatic form.

The new members of Rosina Vokes' Comedy Company this season are: C. J. Bell, Eleanor Lane and Emily Bancker. The plays to be added to the repertoire are Wig and Gown, by F. Sidney. The Tinted Venus by W. Wilde, a brother of Oscar Wilde, and That Lawyer's Joe, by Beerbohm Tree.

Two new plays whose leading themes are based on incidents in the civil war of the United States were tried at the Star and Union Square theaters, New York, last week and went off remarkably well. Both plays are constructed so as not to arouse any hostile feelings or tear open any old wounds. A run of war dramas may now be expected.

Low Comedian—Ah, old friend, have you seen De Ranter in his new play? Comic Villain—No, by all things malt, I have not. Do the gods look kindly on him? Low Comedian—Well, he doesn't have much to do in the first or second act, it's in the third where he wins his laurels and the public heart. Comic Villain—Ah, some happy stroke of genius. Low Comedian (with a touch of nature)—Yes, he don't come on at all.

The *Mirror* says: "It is alleged that the tenor, Tamagno, who is to sing with Adelina Patti during her American tour, now demands that in addition to his large salary, he shall be entitled to the best seats in the house for the benefit of his friends. Give him the seats. What's the use of an operatic manager trying to keep anything for himself, with a *diva* who gobbles 105 per cent. of the gross receipts, and a tenor who insists on having what's left?"

Our readers will remember that the Opera Comique, in Paris, was burnt down during the performance of the opera Mignon, the composition of A. Thomas. The other day Ambroise Thomas was sitting on a bench in the Bois de Boulogne, when a pretty little girl dressed in mourning sat down by his side. The composer of Mignon entered into conversation with the child, in the course of which she informed him that two years ago her mother had been killed in a railway accident, and that after the fire at the Opera Comique her father's body had been taken out of the ruins. Sobbing aloud, the old man took the girl by the hand, and said: "Poor Mignon, I will take you under my care." Thomas placed the orphan in a high-class boarding school, and undertook to provide for her in the future.

Pleasure and Pain.

Sweet pleasure thought her bliss would be complete,
Could she escape her spiteful sister, Pain,
Who plagued her life, dug pitfalls for her feet,
And when she sang mixed discord with the strain,
And as her shadow stalked from age to age;
Till Pleasure planned her death, half mad with rage,
And stifled with sweet odors Pain lay slain.
Then wiser, as she thought, than any sage,
She started forth to tread life's paths again.

I found her on a couch of fragrant flowers,
With thornless roses, sunshine overhead;
If thought she slept, and waited anxious hours,
Then kissed her cheeks, whence all the bloom had fled;
I called her fondling names, she never spoke;
I pressed her lips to mine, she never woke,
And then, alas! I knew that she was dead:
She slew her sister, but her own heart broke;
She tried to live alone, but died instead.

The Latest.

He strolled leisurely into the office of the Industrial Exhibition Committee one day last week. His hair had clambered out through a rent in the crown of a very dilapidated hat as it seeking fresh air and sunshine, and his nose showed evidence of having led him through a very hilarious and eventful life. His scanty wardrobe carried the mind back to the merry month of May and out to the green fields where the crows were sitting on the fence singing Johnnie Get Your Gun and watching the tender blades of corn forcing their way up through the fresh, rich mould. In fact large areas of his apparel were missing, and his shoes would have been denied by any self-respecting cow as having ever been connected with the genus bovine. He seated himself, flung one leg languidly over the other and said to Secretary Hill:

"I s'pose you're the man that's runnin' the show."

"I am, sir," replied the busy officer, "what do you want?"

"S'pose you like to get hold of good attractions, don't yeh? How'd one about my shape strike you?"

"Your shape!" said the astonished secretary. "We've got too many of your shape now. We send men of your shape over the Don till the Exhibition is over. What kind of an attraction do you call yourself?"

The tramp rose, and laying his hand impressively on his heart, said:

"Behold, sir, a man who has gone over Niagara Falls in these ordinary clothes and still comes here to tell the tale."

Musical Geniuses.

Sarasate, the violin-wizard, who is rising six and forty, began to saw the strings at the immature age of four, and at six, perched on a table, gave his first performance. He is a small, sallow-faced, long-haired man with thin white hands and a *soupcon* of affectation in his manner. You would notice him anywhere, yet his personality is the reverse of obtrusive. He

will chat and tell stories by the hour, shout with laughter over a joke or an anecdote, and talk familiarly about everybody in the world except himself. He has fascinated even the more *blase* by the marvelous melody he can make by the mere rubbing together of cat-gut and horse-hair, yet, withal, he scarcely devotes an hour to practising from one year's end to the other. He visits America in November.

That particular section of society who go into ecstasies over infant prodigies are looking anxiously forward to the arrival in New York of Otto Henger, another wonder-child of the

Hoffman school, only more so. It is safe to predict that this precocious youngster will create quite as big a furore as little Josef did, and that his autograph will be sought for even from the remotest districts.

Coats, Trousers, Collars.

The newest tweed or frieze suits are made with double-breasted jackets. Both single and double are of a larger and looser make than they were last year, and a decided reaction against extreme tightness is apparent.

Trousers are worn looser.

Overcoats become baggier with every succeeding season.

There is no perceptible diminution in the masher collar, which rises high in the back of a man's neck.

Paper Bullets.

"This is the unkindest cut of all," said a public man, with a groan, when he saw his portrait in a daily newspaper.

Waiter—Wat'll you have, sir?

Smith—Plate of warm hash.

(Shouting)—Plate of Browning a la Amelie Rives.

Mrs. Gimp (poetic)—Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.

Mr. Gimp (not poetic)—Especially the voice.

Jerkins—You shouldn't have asked old Henpeckt if he was going to the circus.

Firkins—Why not?

Jerkins—Because he was going home.

Mr. Romanza—Ah, sir, your charming wife has the most beautiful teeth I have ever seen.

Dr. Molar—Thank you! They are very good, but I make one better quality.

A servant girl went to sleep one afternoon and did not wake up until forty hours later. When she awoke, she was naturally much incensed to find that she had been defrauded of two evenings out.

Mr. Nonchalant—Ahem! hmn! Do you believe in the whisky trust?

Barkeeper—Why not? I'm in the business.

Mr. Nonchalant—I wanted to make sure. Trust me for about four fingers, please.

Salvationist (admonishing Mr. De Tanque as he stands at the bar)—Have a care, sir; have a care!

De Tanque—Thansh, ol' fel! But woo' you sreeously 'blee'fi sh'd take gin 'n sugr? B'n fi'n it 'i'day an' don' li' swis' off,

Edgar Plon—Miss Boheme, it is not because I have found out that you smoke cigars that I can no longer love you.

Miss Boheme—Why, oh, why then, is it?

Edgar Plon—It is because you smoke such bad ones. I can steal better from my father.

The Chicago *Tribune* thus describes the summer raiment of fashionable men in Chicago:

"A Prince Albert coat, a flannel shirt, a sash, and a pair of red shoes and a straw hat."

Apparently trousers have not yet come into general use in Cook county for the daytime.

"My grandfather," said Coverot, "died at the age of ninety-four."

"My grandmother was 103 when she died," remarked Tupin.

"And in my family," put in Guibollard, not to be outdone in boasting, "are several who aren't dead yet."

Mrs. Blinker asked Matilda, her colored housemaid, one evening: "What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I never heard anything like it in my life."

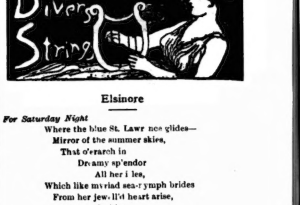
"Dat's no do' dog scratchin de doah. Dat's de cook writin' a lub-letter to her honeysuckle, who works ober in Chatham!"

Adoring Masher—Oh, how I wish I were that book you clasp so lovingly!

She—How I wish you were, so that I could shut you up!

A son of the Emerald Isle was carrying a duck along the street, the other day, by the legs, and "quack, quack," naturally came from the mouth of the biped.

"Wa'k, walk, will you!" said Pat. "Indade, thin, you'll not, fur I'll carry yez."



Elsinore

For Saturday Night

Where the blue St. Lawrence glides—
Mirror of the summer skies,
That o'erarch in
Dreamy splendor
All her isles,
Which like myriad sea-nymph brides
From her jewelled heart arise,
Each a blushing
Benediction
Of her sun lea—

Rises lovely Elsinore
In her sheen of dapple-gray,
From whose cosy
Cottage porches
May be seen:
There, the quaintly tinted shore
Of the terraced Isle of Hay,
While beyond it
Sits Kalaria
Like a queen.

Where the zephyr's gently wake
Rippling harmonies of love
And the sunset
Glory lingers,
Fain to stay;
Or the billows dash and break,
Bathing beach and bank above
In baptismal
Tritons blessing
By their spray.

Here, within the lunate sweep,
Nestles bonnie Doradale,
Whose encircled
Sides re echo
Sylvan song;
While the V. P.'s bulwark'd keep,
Like a stalwart knight in mail,
Stands a tireless
Watch and warder
Of the throng.

From Sagastaweka's green
Morning sunlight, mirror'd back,
Bears a message,
Fraught with beauty,
That beguiles.
While o'er bight and bay between,
Where the fishers beat and tack,
Laughing waves in
Sport are laving
Elfin isles.

Just beyond the rolling swells,
In a rush-fringed bridal spray,
Like the fairy
Islands flashing
In our dreams,
Rise a willowed Weldenfelse,
First to kiss the God of Day,
And the last to
Lose the lustre
Of his beams.

Close beside her—though apart,
Yet embracing underneath,
Bound in vestal
Bonds of beauty
All their days—
Pinehurst,—homelife in her heart,
Leafy perfumes in her breath,
Croons across her
Tassell'd symphonies
Of praise.

Like Omnipotence, on guard,
Flash the bright electric eyes;
While the virgin
Moon, a crescent
In the west,
In her hazy, sanlight ward
Bleeding river, isles and skies
Is a seal of peace
And unity
And rest.

—LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Saturday Night.

The labors of the busy week are ended,
And rounded is its circle of the days;
Upon the household fire at last descended
The hush that comes before the Day of Praise.

Above all other nights of the fair seven
I love this latest night, this space of calm,
This Beulah land upon the edge of heaven,
This prelude to the glorious Lord's day psalm.

I think with thankfulness of tasks completed;
Such little tasks they would have seemed to you,
They were the portion that to me was meted,
The only work, perchance, that I could do.

I am so glad 'tis done! It might be better—
O so much better—done by stronger hands,
But He who sees e'en thro' the wavering letter,
The willing spirit, surely understands.

And so I put away, in peace, not sorrow,
My dreams of deeds that were too great for me,
And lay me down to slumber till the morrow
Shall dawn in glory over land and sea.

The morrow! It will be the time of blessing,
The Day of Resurrection to my soul,
When holy thoughts from graves of earth-soil pressing
Shall rise to lead me onward toward my goal.

O Christ my Lord! When this brief life is finished,
Its little week of sunshine and of shade,
And when, with strength of hand and will diminished,
I watch my latest sun decline and fade,

Grant that work be done; the self-denying,
The tasks, however small, assigned to me;
If this be so, then death will be not dying,
But waking to keep Lord's day more with Thee.

JESSIE H. BROWN in *Christian Standard.*

Mirage

Clear shining through the swimming air,
Across a stretch of summer seas,
Far, lofty peaks gleam white and fair,
The heights of the Hesperides.

O far-off peaks! O happy isles!
I sail and sail and long for you,
And still th' enticing vision smiles
To lure me o'er the waters blue,

Below those fair and gleaming heights,
Ne'er shrouded o'er by drifting snows,
Lie gardens filled with rare delights,
And there the golden apple grows.

I sail and sail and long for you,
But never come to those fair isles;
Still stretches wide the boundless blue,
Forever still the scene beguiles.

Unclimbed those lofty mountain heights,
Far off beyond the smiling seas,
Unreached that garden of delights
Untrodden the Hesperides.

EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Noted People.

Tennyson, Darwin, Gladstone, Lincoln, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Edgar Allan Poe and Lord Houghton were born in the year 1809.

Dr. Amelia B. Edwards has made arrangements for sixty lectures in America during the coming season, selecting from among 300 applicants.

Jean Ingelow has written some recollections of her childhood, which she thinks of publishing in this country. She has also written a novelette.

Anton Meucci, Garibaldi's old compatriot, is still living at the old house at Clinton, S. I., in which Garibaldi manufactured candles when in this country.

General Grenfell, the British commander in the war against the slave-traders on the Nile, is 47 years old, a man of handsome presence and literary tastes.

Mr. Herbert Spencer's state of health still leaves much to be desired, but it is hoped that he will soon be able to round off his literary labors by the completion of the long-expected autobiography.

Mr. Browning has left London for Asolo, where he will stay a month or more. He will then go to his son's Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, and will probably be back in London by the beginning of December. His new volume of poems will be issued in October.

The many who have enjoyed the writings of Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke will regret to learn that in these later days of her life she is an almost confirmed invalid. She is confined to her home at Pittsfield, Mass., and suffers much pain from rheumatic troubles.

The Countess Magri, better known as Mrs. Tom Thumb, is said to have fine business ability, and she plans the routes and makes arrangements for her traveling company. She is the possessor of $5,000 worth of jewelry, which she wears at her performances.

Mr. Gladstone has solved the domestic problem. "Whenever my wife insists I submit," says the great Liberal; "whenever I insist she submits. We never discuss family affairs at the table, and if anything unpleasant occurs during the evening we never refer to it until next day." No wonder the Grand Old Man has enjoyed his fifty years of married life.

A century ago Benjamin Franklin, the father of electricity, bequeathed to Philadelphia the sum of £1,000. This sum added to a bequest from John Scott makes $110,000. Having lain for a hundred years the city fathers propose taking $100,000 of the amount and erecting a public bath, which will be finished in 1890, allowing the balance of $10,000 to remain at compound interest until 1990.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton has been spending the summer in England to arrange a new edition of her collected poems and travels. In her analytical criticisms on new books, she has few superiors; her letters to the Boston *Herald*, and her contributions to the best American magazines, have won for her the wide and high reputation in the world of letters which she enjoys in her own country and Europe.

Mr. James Payn, the prolific and popular novelist, is a lank, emaciated-looking, nervous-mannered man with a kindly way and an enormous capacity for work. He believes, but is not sure, that he has written in all, some forty novels. He is profoundly methodical and nine and fifty and he plays whist for two hours every evening. He spends a moderate income on cab fares and writes a worse hand than the Dean Stanley. He has no enemies.

Erastus Wiman is a level headed monument of hard labor and dogged determination to get on. He has a large acquaintance with all kinds of men, and he goes about everything with such unflagging energy that committees of all sorts adore him. He has the advantage of not being a great orator, but he has a grown-up family. Fifty years have passed over his head, and he still cherishes a praiseworthy ambition to become popular, which has hitherto not been completely realized. Yet there is a Staten Island ferryboat called after him.

Dr. Brown-Sequard, of elixir fame, is an under-sized, slim built man with a painfully affable manner and a complexion swarthy enough for a half-caste. Half a century ago the Examiners of Paris allowed him to be called a Doctor of Medicine, and he subsequently settled down to practice in the States, having however first taken the precaution to reap a goodly crop of diplomas and degrees over the sea. He has perpetrated matrimony three times, yet he does not quite appreciate the jokes made on his elixir, but he enjoys the patronage of Dr. Hammond. He has written a shelf or so of passably dull, useful books, and is himself a passably dull, useful man. He is seventy-one into the bargain.

Royalty appears to devote itself to music in one form or another, probably because, having no living to earn, Kings, Queens, Emperors, and Empresses find it necessary to kill time in some way, and adopt the most pleasant mode of doing so. Both Her Majesty and her daughter Louise are very fair performers on the organ; while the Prince of Wales plays the banjo as well as many a colored minstrel, and the Duke of Edinburgh is devotedly fond of his fiddle. The Duke of Connaught "breathes his melancholy soul" through the flute; the Czar of Russia tortures—that is, delights—his Court with the weird strains of a cornet; the Empress of Austria is one of the very few women who can play the zither; King George of the Hellenes goes in for hand-bells, musical glasses, and similar combinations; Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is a skilled harpist, and Henry of Battenberg does wonders with a small tooth-comb and a piece of tissue paper.

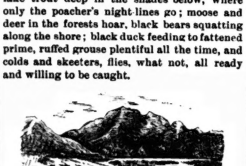
Princess Beatrice had long made up her mind, it appears, to go down a coal mine, and arrangements were made to gratify the wish of Her Royal Highness during the Queen's visit to Wales. Princess Alix of Hesse and the Battenberg accompanied her. The two royal ladies thought the adventure capital fun; they swathed themselves in macintoshes, and clambered into the miners' "tubs," or small wagons, holding their lamps, and looking about them, as they were propelled along, with great interest. Then Princess Beatrice must needs turn miner herself, and "picked" away with the most zealous energy until a good big lump of coal was dislodged, and, "That's mine!" shouted the delighted Princess, as it fell on the floor with a thud. Princess Alix followed her example, nor was Prince Henry let off, but the ladies would have him do a little useful labor in a coal mine for once in his life. When their Royal Highnesses returned to the light of day, six hundred grimy miners formed a lane from the pit's mouth to the carriages, and every man of them received a new shilling sent down especially from the Mint, as well as a holiday for the remainder of that eventful day!

An Idyl of Lake Megantic.

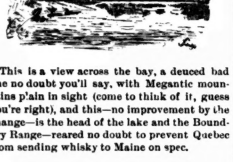
For Saturday Night.

When a fellow feels that he wants a change and pines for a more extended range, feels the aching void and the biting pain, he must either bust or ease the strain—and fellows who know what they're about, give business the shake and fish for trout.

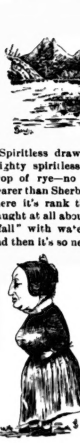
Megantic, Nature's favorite child, a queenly lake in a lonely wild, with lots of fish for the pulling out, big black bass and jeweled trout, lake trout deep in the shades below, where only the poacher's night lines go; moose and deer in the forests hoar, black bears squatting along the shore; black duck feeding to fattened prime, ruffed grouse plentiful all the time, and colds and skeeters, flies, what not, all ready and willing to be caught.



This is a view across the bay, a deuced bad one no doubt you'll say, with Megantic mountains plain in sight (come to think of it, guess you're right), and this—no improvement by the change—is the head of the lake and the Boundary Range—reared no doubt to prevent Quebec from sending whisky to Maine on spec.



Spiritless drawing? Right for you, 'tis a mighty spiritless region too, never a decent drop of rye—no sir! not even on the sly—nearer than Sherbrooke, leagues away, and even there it's rank they say. Personally I know naught at all about the "ryes," but make it a "fall" with water sufficient to harbor trout, and then it's so nething I'll talk about.

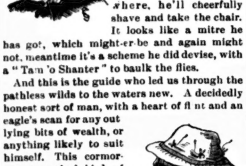


This is the hostess, a buxom maid (a score of years since I'm afraid), very Parisian and jolly too, and a holy terror to *parley voo*. Still, it's soon at our *aise* we were, but not *Anglaise* on account of her ignorance of our native tongue which is heard but seldom those wilds among. Very funny the interviews between Madame and the gay *Messieus*, for we knew of French not a single word, and the sign conversation was most absurd, but we were content without the talk—for she cooked in English every chalk and grasped my meaning fine as silk when I yelled "Co-boss!" when I wanted milk.

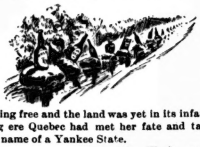
This is "Kong-pang-yon" du voyage Trotter; we call him "African," but didn't oughter, for there's no black blood in his veins to see, in fact "as red as a rose is he," for Nature gilded his scanty crop like the sun's last kiss on the mountain top. In the tone of his hirsute particles would only honor my articles, gaily indeed would the pen be sped—for there's joy in knowing you're thoroughly "read."

Native modesty stays my hand in referring to this gentleman. If they're wanting a bishop anywhere, he'll cheerfully shave and take the chair. It looks like a mitre he has got, which might-er be and again might not, meantime it's a scheme he did devise, with a "Tam-o-Shanter" to baulk the flies.

And this is the guide who led us through the pathless wilds to the waters new. A decidedly honest sort of man, with a heart of flint and an eagle's scan for any out lying bits of wealth, or anything likely to suit himself. This cormorant-stomached bird of prey cost us a couple of "dols" per day, carried the fish and made the tea and developed a worshipful love for me, which changed anon like a lightning flash when he found that Trotter carried the cash. His hook was ever slyly "porked," his glance was shy, but his tongue was forked, and though in a giant's muscle dressed, he seemingly ever pined for rest. He may be a good guide, I hope he is, but I'd sooner follow my own dark "phiz"—especially if my race was o'er and I sought the route to the Distant Shore. The fishing was fine; in coming out, we carried one hundred and fifty trout; none very large, but half a pound was a fairish weight for a lot all round.



One last long look at the flash and glance, of the rushing flood of the stream Annance, one soulful search of the lovely shore and we sighed farewell—for the jaunt was o'er. Yet long shall the pleasant memory dwell of the sport we had. Yea! our sons shall tell their growing sons in the days to come how their grand-dads had a heap of fun, fishing for trout, where the shadows cool darkened the stretch of the glassy pool, when trout were thick and



fishing free and the land was yet in its infancy, long ere Quebec had met her fate and taken the name of a Yankee State.

ED. W. SANDYS.

To the Summer Girl.

For Saturday Night.

Lay aside the blue serge dresses,
Hang your sun-hat on a nail;
Put your bathing suit beside it,
Fold with care your gauzy veil.

To the attic with your racquet,
Give the girl your russet shoes,
Keep your thoughts from money matters,
Else you'll get the Texas blues.

Burn up all your summer letters,
Lay the verses on the pile;
If you keep them for a twelvemonth,
Ten to one you'll cause a smile.

Don't go pressing flowers to keep them,
Though you thought that he was true,
He was only flirting, goosie,
Flirting, yes, and—so were you.

Winter'll die and spring will follow,
But you be from now till then;
Hanging up bathing suit and racquet,
And go at it all again.

F. B. C.

Fash'on Chatter.

DEAR MOLLIE,—As you say, the green shades are scarcely warm enough for you. Your brown eyes and olive complexion require a depth and brightness in color. I often wonder why people don't always cling to the same color. There is, of course, for each one, some tint which enhances any beauty, and belittles any defect. I have about decided to wear blue principally in the future—perhaps altogether. It is always such a bother to be obliged to consider all the details of a costume, that I promise myself emancipation from a certain amount of brain work by having nearly all my belongings in blue. Of course one always uses black and white (and by the way that combination, with a dash of color to relieve the half-mourning effect, is particularly striking and elegant), also some neutral color, such as gray or fawn.

I saw a pretty dust bag hanging in an up-town drawing-room last week—made of seal brown plush and coarse yellow canvas. It was constructed on the half-and-half principle, the two materials being strips of equal widths. On the brown plush, dozens of little brass rings hung. They were fastened with a long stitch of silk thread; while the canvas bore the rather startling command, "Get up and dust." The letters were fancifully made with black ink and a common pen. A yellow ribbon gathered the bag at the top, and was the means by which it was hung on the wall; while from its partially closed opening I caught a glimpse of a yellow scrim duster daintily hemmed with silk of the same shade.

To day I was admiring a brocatelle which I saw down town. The ground was peacock-blue, and the loveliest sprays of flowers in silk were trailed over it. The shading of the flowers was fine, the colors being brown and pink in many degrees of depth. Such brocatelle, Mollie darling, is the kind I like to see forming a division between parlors. A friend of mine recently purchased portieres of old gold brocatelle, but while it matches her drawing room and is very rich and elegant, my heart goes out to the peacock blue.

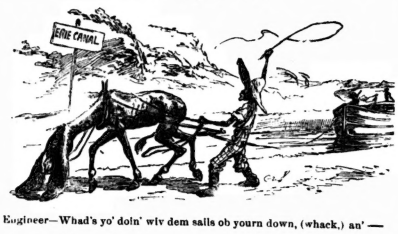
Coming down in the train the other day, a young girl and I were discussing gloves, made a calculation as to how many pairs of gloves one needed, and she assured me that I was extravagant in my ideas. Now I hold to my own opinion still. Honestly, I think that on the ground of economy—and we all are acquainted with that nuisance on shopping days—one ought to have gloves to suit every occasion. We need gloves for church, gloves for street, gloves for dress occasions, gloves for rainy days, etc., etc. Now if we wear good street gloves on rainy days—they may be street gloves at nightfall, but they will not be good ones. Then we'll wear our church gloves down town, and spoil them, and very soon we are "done for" as regards gloves. Boots and shoes need managing in the same way, I think. Walking boots are to walk in, slippers for the house and so on.

I have an excellent recipe for preserving kid boots. Put the white of an egg in a bottle with enough ink to make it black. Apply with a sponge and rub until dry. The recipe adds "the best way to rub dry is to use the palm of the hand," but I wouldn't if I were you. I'd use another sponge, or a piece of chamois leather. Did you ever blacken the worn finger-tips of black kid gloves with liquid shoe polish." It is a handy little expedient, for finger tips will get rusty, and purses will look discouraging. I undertook once upon a time to make a pair of faded gray gloves black by the same method, and after I had "polished" them they were a beautiful jet black, but I had to go over them every day and it was very hard on my polish.

Speaking of doctoring finger-tips reminds me of a good plan to adopt when a shoe rips just when you can't fix it—for lack of time. A great big rip down the centre seam, or at the heel, gaping and showing the lining of your footgear, may be suddenly, securely and presentably mended with a piece of black court plaster.

Your sincere friend,
CLIP CAREW.

The Advantage of a Raise.



Mule Engineer—Whad's yo' doin' wiv dem sails ob yourn down, (whack,) an' —

—d' wind raight behine us!!!—*Puck.*

Her Joshua.

"Madam," said the conductor, as he came along to the old lady who had a good-sized chunk of a boy seated beside her, "if that boy is over five years of age he will have to pay half fare."

"He is my grandson, he is," she explained, "and I'm taking him home to stay with me for a few weeks. His mother hain't bin a bit well this hull summer and——"

"He is certainly eight or nine years old," interrupted the conductor.

"And as I was saying, she tried almost everything and hain't got no benefit. I recommended June weed tea, and she drank as much as six gallons afore she quit. She then——"

"Half fare, madam!"

"Yes, but I wanted to say that I then told her she'd better have William go to the woods and dig some sarsaparilly root and bile it up. That's an old standby with all the Johnsons. Bile it down to about a gallon, and then add a pint of whisky and keep——"

"Madam, I'm in a hurry!" sharply interrupted the official.

"Yes, but I want to tell you. You may git a poor spell some time, and want something to brace you. The Johnsons have used sarsaparilly for upward of forty years, and if it's rightly prepared it has no skal. After you put in the whisky you want to keep it in a cool place. I s'pose you've got a cellar in your house, haven't you? If you hain't——"

"Bub, how old are you?" asked the conductor as he turned to the child.

"His name is Joshua," she explained as she patted him on the head. "His mother kinder wanted to call him Lincoln or Garfield, but I hung out for the old-fashioned names. It was a clean shave between Joshua or Obediah, but Joshua came in ahead. Biblical name, you know, while Obediah was of no perticklar account. If I remember right Obediah fiddled while Jerusalem was burnin' up. Joshua, spell dog for the gentleman."

"D-o-g," announced the child in loud tones.

"La! but isn't he smart!" exclaimed grandma, as she patted him again.

"Madam," said the conductor, making one last effort, "the rules of the road bind me to collect fares whenever they are due. This boy——"

"As I was saying he will stay with me about four weeks," she interrupted. "He's had a kind of rash breaking out on him by spells for the last three months, and I'm going to have him try buttermilk for it. The Johnsons have allus set store by buttermilk, et's almost as good as——"

He turned and passed on to the next, outwinded and discouraged, and she snuggled the boy up and said:

"Now, Josh, you kin go to sleep for an hour, and when you wake up I'll give ye a biled egg and a cookie."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Prompt Exchange of Big Words.

Colonel W. had been elected to the Legislature and had also been Judge of the County Court, which honors had made him somewhat pompous, and he became very fond of using big words.

On his farm he had a large, mischievous ox called Big Brindle, which frequently broke down his neighbors' fences and committed other depredations, much to the colonel's annoyance.

One morning after breakfast, in the presence of some large gentlemen who had stopped with him over night and were now on their way to town, he called his overseer and said to him:

"Mr. Allen, I desire you to impound Big Brindle, in order that I may hear no more animadversions on his eternal depredations."

Allen bowed and walked off, sorely puzzled to know what the Colonel meant.

So, after Colonel W. left for town, he went to his wife and asked her what Colonel W. meant by telling him to impound the ox.

"Why," said she, "the Colonel meant to tell you to put him in a pen."

Allen left to perform the feat—for it was no inconsiderable one, as the animal was very wild and vicious—and after a great deal of trouble and vexation succeeded.

"Well," said he, wiping the perspiration from his brow and soliloquizing, "this is im pounding, is it? Now, I'm dead sure the old Colonel will ask me if I have impounded Big Brindle, and I'll puzzle him as bad as he did me."

The next day the Colonel gave a dinner party; and as he was not aristocratic, Allen, the overseer, sat down with the company.

After the second or third glass was discussed the Colonel turned to the overseer and said:

"Eh, Mr. Allen, did you impound Big Brindle, sir?"

"Yes, I did; but old Brindle transcended the impanel of the impound and scatterlofisticated all over the equanimity of the forest."

The company burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, while the face of the Colonel reddened with discomfiture.

"What do you mean by that, sir?" said he.

"Why, I mean, Colonel," said Allen, "that Brindle, being drognosticated with an idea of the cholery, ripped and tared, snorted and pawed, jumped the fence, tuck to the woods, and would not be impounded no how."

This was too much. The company roared again, in which the Colonel was forced to join, and in the midst of the laughter Allen left the table, saying to himself as he went:

"I reckon the Colonel won't ask me to impound any more oxen."—Chicago *Herald.*

"Jack" Burns.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in describing Burns, the controller of the recent strike among the dockmen in London, says: He is an enormously powerful fellow, and it is said that his exceptional physical gifts have enabled him to begin his day's work at three in the morning and continue it till close on midnight. That is actually what he did as General of the Strikers. "Jack" is the *beau ideal*, of the best type of British working man; big in build, independent in character, hearty in manner and intelligent in mind. His fists are as hard as his head, and his voice is as strong as his opinions. He has often been before the "beaks" for defending the right of meeting—on Clapham common, on Wandsworth common, and in Trafalgar square. He picked up his education by burning the midnight oil after ten hours in a factory; he is an engineer by trade, and iron is a hard master. He polled 500 votes at Nottingham Parliamentary election in 1885, ran George Shipton close for the International Congress, and is now on the council of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. He stood for Battersea, on the full Socialist ticket, and was returned as a member of the County Council at the head of the poll. He is a Scot by extraction, he has a charming wife, he is a non-smoker, and a total abstainer. The thing that told the most on him during the strike was the anxiety which the daily crop of false reports caused his wife. One day it was that he was dead; another that he had been making incendiary speeches. Though they were all untrue, yet even his plucky little wife was sometimes much frightened by their perpetual repetition.

He Hadn't Saw.

"Did you saw that wood I told you about?" asked the lady of the house of the tramp to whom she had given a dinner.

"Madam," he replied, and a look of contempt flitted across his tawny face, "I am surprised that so good a cook and housewife as you should be so ungrammatical. You should say 'Did you see that wood?' 'Saw' is proper only in a question referring to the perfect tense. I cannot work for one so uncultured, for fear I should be contaminated. Ta ta."—*Lawrence American.*

Ready for the Waste Basket.

Young Poet—Now, to tell the truth, I don't think this poem of mine can be improved on.

Friend—Is it as bad as that?

Miss Penelope Peachblow—Cousin Tom has just come back from college.
Mr. H. Pomberton Wyrt—Aw, I suppose your governor will want to kill the fatted calf.
Miss Penelope Peachblow—Yes, but don't go away on that account.—*Life.*

THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Involuntarily she had heard Mrs. Debrett's careless little speech, and the mention of her father's name had told her of whom the pretty blonde had been speaking; but she had pride and perfect self-possession, and not even Lady Hartop's keen eyes could detect the fact that she had overheard the words which seemed to Stanley to be whispered again and again by the soft breeze which was stirring the leaves on the trees.

"He was wild about her—we could all see that! And we fancied she returned his affection; but we were mistaken." "He had loved her perhaps; but she had not loved him.

"I wonder what kind of sport they have had to-day," said Lady Hartop, breaking a brief silence which had fallen upon them. "We—Why—" she broke off suddenly and rose with an exclamation of surprise—"there is Lady Beacham!"

Carlos sprang to his feet, Mrs. Debrett raised her calm blue eyes, Stanley turned her head and glanced towards the house.

Lady Beacham had come out by one of the French windows of the drawing-room, and was standing under the veranda, quite still, with one hand lightly resting on one of the flower wreathed iron pillars which supported the quaint roof; with the other she was shading her eyes from the sun's rays, which fell upon her.

Carlos Melville drew a long breath as his eyes rested upon her; Stanley's color changed and her throat swelled with a sudden strange pain as she marked the wondrous beauty of the woman whom Hugh Cameron had known before he had been to Eyncourt.

Lady Hartop went to meet her guest, the gray satin and lace of her tea-gown trailed after her over the soft turf; Lady Beacham moved towards her smiling.

"I thought I would come down," she said lightly. "I have slept, and the sight of delicious tea has banished any feeling of fatigue."

"I am charmed!" answered Lady Hartop cordially. "One or two of my guests are most anxious to see you."

They crossed the lawn together, moving slowly side by side; and Stanley watched them as they came with an eager wistfulness of which she herself was quite unconscious. She noticed the exquisite grace and ease of movement, the air of triumph and pride which peculiar to this beautiful woman, and a sudden disdain for herself and her own beauty seized the girl and made her feel for the shadowy second place, uninteresting, at the very moment that Lady Beacham, recognizing her, thought how beautiful she was, and felt her own heart fall as she beheld the stately yet girlish loveliness in the bloom of that youth which she found so rapidly fading from her.

She noted the expression in Stanley Gerant's eyes as she drew near the chestnut-tree, and the smile deepened on her perfect lips. The girl had faded, then of her intimacy with Hugh Cameron, she thought, as she read the look of wistful eagerness and shrinking admiration; some one had told her. It would perhaps not be very difficult to arouse her jealousy and cause a breach between the two lovers. Perhaps that desperate expedient, to which she had resolved to resort one hot sleepless night, so, would not be necessary. Stanley did not look like a girl who would tolerate a rival, and Lady Beacham did not underrate her own power.

She wore her golden hair loose about her forehead and coiled in a knot low on her neck; her tea-gown was almost covered with old lace through which the satin shone with a soft azure gleam. She gave Mrs. Debrett a friendly familiar greeting; she smiled graciously at Lady Hartop's introduction to Mr. Melville with a smile; and then she turned to Stanley and held out both her hands, which the girl took reluctantly.

"I have been looking forward to this meeting," she said, gazing into Stanley's eyes with a smiling, indolent, caressing expression. "I am an old friend of Mr. Hugh Cameron's. May I hope that you will allow me to become a friend of yours? You will not be unkind to me, you, if I tell you that I think him a very fortunate individual?—not more fortunate though than he deserves to be."

"You are very good," Stanley answered quietly and coldly, for the speech had offended her. She did no like the open allusion to her engagement; she resented it more than she replied complimentary to herself from one who was almost a stranger.

Lady Beacham's eyes rested upon Stanley as she sank into one of the Salisbury chairs; and the girl thought she detected under the smiling surface a half-pitying condescension, a good-natured amiability, which seemed to imply that, it she was happy in Hugh Cameron's love, it was only because she, Lady Beacham, allowed her to be so.

Had Lola Bateman's careless words never been spoken, perhaps that feeling of jealousy would not have crept into Stanley Gerant's heart; but the words, when she recalled them, always seemed to sting her. She loved Hugh Cameron unreservedly; she had given him her whole heart, which had never belonged to her before was until they had met; and the thought that he had once loved another woman was torture to her.

Her embarrassment, slight as it was, did not escape Lady Beacham, and it pleased her. Through Stanley she had suffered bitterly; she rejoiced in the thought that through her Stanley in her turn, should suffer. The sight of the girl's beauty had changed the dislike she felt towards her into the keenest hatred; she would feel no remorse if she could mar this girl's life and take from her the love she had won. Her ladyship was unscrupulous, and she was after her unconscious antagonist was honest as the daylight; it would be easy to fight with her and to defeat her.

All these thoughts were in her mind as she sat there, looking very beautiful and graceful. She had waited her time; but it had been difficult to do so. Had Hugh Cameron been Mr. Ashton, she would have acted with less deliberation; but he made her wait. She had chafed at the delay; she had resented the six weeks of happiness given to Stanley Gerant. She had heard of Hugh Cameron's devotion to his *fiancee*, and had smiled half contemptuously, half compassionately as she listened to the accounts kind friends brought her of the lovers and of Sir Humphrey's pleasure at the engagement. These things, adding as they did to her suffering, added also to her resentment; they hardened her heart and confirmed her purpose.

"She is afraid of me," she was thinking, as she read the half-shrinking, half-fascinated look in Stanley's dark eyes. "Some one has told her of me; and she is a proud woman—she will never brook a rival. It will be easier than I thought. Perhaps it will not be necessary to use Francis Ashton's weapon—and, if not, so much the better."

"Ah, here they come!" exclaimed Lady Hartop, as a group of men in shooting attire appeared at the hall door and came across the lawn towards them.

Glancing at Lady Beacham, Stanley saw that a lovely delicate flush rose in her cheeks for a moment, and then faded, leaving her white as marble. At the same moment their eyes met. At the next her ladyship was holding out her hand to Hugh Cameron, and was looking up into his handsome sunburnt face with a smile; and Stanley saw that he had paled slightly under his bronze, and a strange coldness fell upon her.

"I have been telling Miss Gerant what a fortunate person I consider you," said Lady Laura, in her soft, low voice. "I will tell you presently yourself, before dinner, if I have an opportunity—you remember, that was our usual time for exchanging confidences!—if not, I dare say I shall have the chance of a few words with you after dinner. Being so much your friend," she added, rising as the clang of the dressing-bell sounded from the house, "I must also be hers, if she will permit me."

The words were charmingly spoken, with a graceful kindliness which was admirably feigned. Stanley, rising also, a tall beautiful figure in her simple white gown, answered only by a slight bow; she had seen her father, and, turning from them, hastened towards him.

A few minutes later, as she went with Sir Humphrey and Carlos Melville to the house, she saw just in front of them Lady Beacham and Hugh Cameron walking together. Her ladyship's hand rested upon Hugh's rough coat-sleeve, her lovely eyes were raised to his face as she spoke to him softly in undertones; the young man's head was slightly bent, and he was smiling. A sense of pain and bewilderment made Stanley feel strangely confused as she went up the oaken staircase with the other ladies of the party, and, when she caught sight of her face in a quaint old Venetian mirror in the gallery upon which the bed-rooms opened, she saw that she was deadly pale.

CHAPTER VII.

Stanley's toilet was always so quickly performed that she had generally been the first to appear in the drawing-room, except when Hugh Cameron had preceded her. They saw but little of each other in the gay crowded house where the evening hours were so full of gaiety, and Stanley had always looked forward to those few minutes when they were *tete a-tete* and able to enjoy the lover's exclusive privilege of "talking of each other to each other." But this evening, when she was dressed, instead of running lightly down-stairs into the flower-scented, softly lighted drawing-room where a tall stalwart young man in faultless evening attire was accustomed to await her standing before the hearth, his face turned towards the door, with an eager expectant light in his eyes, she dismissed her maid and sat down on the window seat.

It was yet early. Benson had been as expeditious as usual; Stanley's style of dress did not require any prolonged attention, charming as the result always was; and the maid who had been in her service for some years and who loved her young mistress, had discovered the girl's desire to be alone in the drawing-room. This evening she might have had fully a quarter of an hour, Benson thought, as she went down to the drawing-room, and felt very congratulated on having so easily pleased her mistress.

Stanley's windows looked towards the west, were a crimson glory lighted up the sky, against which the hills rose dark and sullen.

The sun was sinking fast—the daylight was dying. A fair, warm evening was succeeding the sultry day; the brazen glare had given way to the softer tints of the twilight, which were creeping on from distant hills, the rich foliage and the soft turf; a mist was now gathering in a silvery haze over the western sky; the air was sweet with the fragrance of the flowers blooming in the flower-gardens beneath Stanley's windows. As she looked at the landscape before her, tears rose suddenly in her eyes, dimming the beauty which had so touched her, and the peace of the evening stillness seemed to rest upon her troubled heart.

She was foolish, jealous, wicked, she told herself. Hugh was noble, true-hearted, and loyal, and he loved her. If he had not loved her, he would not have asked her to be his wife. Of course he admired Lady Beacham. Who could fail to admire such beauty and grace as hers? Perhaps he might even have loved her in the past; but that was over now. Stanley felt ashamed and indignant at her own weakness. With an articulate expression of tenderness, she sprang to her feet, took up her long gloves and fan, and hurried out of the room.

The house was very quiet—it was early still—and apparently few of the guests at Comber-mere had emerged from their dressing rooms; for Stanley met no one as she flitted down-stairs, drawing on her gloves as she went, and looking very fair and sweet in her dinner gown of soft rich *celadon* brocade, which heightened the delicacy of her complexion and the glory of her bronze-brown hair. The gown was made with a quaint Medici collar and elbow-sleeves which left her arms partly bare; she wore no jewels but a single string of large pearls which her mother wore at her wedding, and which Stanley loved best of all the trinkets in the well-stocked jewel case which Benson guarded with such care.

A servant standing in the hall advanced to open the drawing-room door for her, and she passed in with a slight rustle of the silken folds of her long gown, which gleamed with soft lights and shades as she moved.

The drawing room at Comber-mere was a long low room with a smaller apartment at the farther end, and long French windows opening on the lawn and flower-gardens. All the windows were open now, and the soft evening air was faintly stirring the lace curtains. The lamps were lighted under their delicately-tinted shades; but the room was empty, and, with a little thrill of disappointment, Stanley went on to the inner room, where she had left a book that she had been reading that morning. She would have time to finish the chapter which she had been obliged to leave when the luncheon-gong had sounded, she thought, as she passed through the curtained archway which divided the rooms. As she did so, she heard a faint murmur of voices, and she paused abruptly with a start as she saw that the room was occupied by two persons—a man standing on the hearth with his elbow resting on the tall wooden mantelshelf, and a woman lying back in the depths of an arm-chair, holding a white feather fan in one uncertain hand which hung over the arm of her chair. As she recognized them it seemed to Stanley that the air grew suddenly stifling and her head swam for a moment with the shock of pain which she felt; but she recovered herself immediately, and moved forward, calm and serene, in the sudden silence which followed her entrance.

There was no sign of embarrassment in Hugh Cameron's manner as he raised himself from his half-stooping attitude and stood erect. Lady Beacham turned her head, and, looking at Stanley, laughed.

"Have I been usurping your privilege?" she said, in her languid tones. "I am really afraid however, Miss Gerant, that it was you in the first place who promised me a book, and I have not had enough time to listen to Hugh's raptures or to express my own admiration.

"Do not let me interrupt you," Stanley replied calmly. "I came for a book that I left here this morning. Ah, here it is!"

"Oh, pray don't go!" Lady Beacham pleaded. "Every one will be down in a moment; and people who don't know of our old friendship might find our *tete-a-tete* just a little odd. Are you a very conventional person, Miss Gerant? I find the one crumpled rose-leaf in my existence is the regard one is obliged to have for the proprieties and Mrs. Grundy."

Stanley smiled. She found it difficult to speak just then, as she stood with the book in her hand by the little table from which she had taken it. The color had not come back to her cheeks; but there was no outward evidence of the sudden sharp pang which had dimmed her sight and dulled her other senses for a moment. She looked proud and grave and serene as she gazed upon the face and form lying back in the depths of the white velvet chair.

Never had Lady Beacham looked lovelier than at that moment; yet never had the name "woman of snow," which certain of her friends had given her, seemed more fitting. The dark-white silk of her gown was scarcely whiter than her beautiful shoulders and arms. Her long white gloves lay in her lap; in her golden hair blazed a diamond star; her only other ornament was a necklace of diamonds. Her beauty appealed strongly to Stanley's artistic nature; she acknowledged it with all her heart, and admired it with an almost intense admiration even at the same moment as she shrank from it with an irrepressible feeling of dread.

"I had hoped to make your acquaintance earlier," the low seductive voice was saying, as the blue eyes were raised to Stanley's face; but the smile was so indifferent that I went out very little this season."

"I was not in town," observed Stanley quietly.

"Not at all? Ah, you were otherwise occupied!"—with a smile which included Hugh. "And of course the country is the place for love-making—is it not? I adore the country! Sometimes I think of settling down at the Maisonnette for the rest of my life. I wonder whether life here or in a sisterhood would be the most peaceful?"

Hugh Cameron laughed with frank amusement. He had resumed his leaning attitude, and, after one swift glance at Stanley, had not looked at her again.

"The idea amuses you," said Lady Beacham, raising her eyebrows; "but I have really seriously contemplated such an existence. Miss Gerant is wise not to mix with other people; supremely wise to have nothing to do with its frivolity and its falsehood! It is full of deceptive appearances; and it is so sad to find out that friendship is a shadow and that truth is still lying at the bottom of a well!"

The words were simply spoken; but her upward glance at Hugh Cameron as she spoke emphasized them and gave them the meaning the speaker intended them to have. Stanley felt her heart beating quickly.

"What I was saying," Lady Beacham continued, in her sweet regretful tone, "I rather enjoyed the world—it amused and interested me, and I could laugh at its follies; but, since I have not been strong, such a little tires me that I feel as if there were nothing in the world worth caring for but rest. I think this will be my last season."

The young man looked at her in unfeigned surprise—for a moment he had forgotten Stanley's presence. She saw his gaziny, Lady Beacham also, and her eyes were softening with compassion.

"Are you jesting?" Hugh Cameron asked, with some agitation. "You look very pale, certainly; but you are not ill, I hope?"

She let her eyes rest on his face for a moment with a strange yearning expression, then laughed slightly.

"Oh, I am not ill!" she said lightly. "But my doctor says my heart is weak, and I have had one or two stupid fainting fits lately, over which he shakes his head. But doctors are all starvation more or less—are they not?" she added, turning to Stanley as she rose from her chair. "At the same time, it has made me feel such a host of acquaintances, I have scarcely a friend; and that is rather a sorrowful feeling to have. Do you know," she went on, putting her hand upon Stanley's shoulders with a pathetic smile, "what I have been wishing the last few hours?"

"I am afraid I cannot guess," Stanley answered gently. The sweet exquisite smile and low sorrowful voice had made her feel very compassionate towards this beautiful woman.

"Oh, but Mr. Cameron has guessed, I am sure!" said Lady Laura. "I have been wishing that the woman who has given him the priceless gift of her love would give me the great gift of her friendship. Will she do so?"

She gazed into Stanley's face with lovely appealing eyes; and the girl, too truthful herself to distrust others, hesitated a little.

"Lady Beacham," she began slowly.

"Ah, don't answer me yet!" pleaded her ladyship, with a look over it little, and, before you decide, remember how lonely I am and how happy you are!"

She bent her head and touched Stanley's cheek with her lips, then slowly removed her hand from the girl's shoulder and passed out into the large drawing-room where the guests were assembling. Stanley looked after her, bewildered; she felt attracted, fascinated and repelled at one and the same moment.

"Her lips were like ice!" she said involuntarily, as she turned to Hugh. "Do you think she is really ill, Hugh?"

The young man's face was troubled and anxious—the strange yearning look in Lady Laura's blue eyes had moved him unaccountably. He was beginning to wonder, to fear, to question himself; for a moment he could scarcely collect his thoughts sufficiently to reply.

"I think she looks very delicate," he answered at last; "and, as she says, dear, she is a very lonely woman, notwithstanding her host of acquaintances and admirers. She was always very good to me," he added, blushing slightly. "If you can do her a kindness at any time, I know you will, my darling. I feel a little savage with her at this moment," he continued, smiling. "She has done me out of the happiest ten minutes in the whole long day."

Stanley smiled absently; a sense of bewilderment and confusion troubled her; she felt as if the little scene had been acted before her eyes, not as if she had taken a part in it, and yet the icy chill of Lady Laura's lips seemed to linger on her cheek.

"I shall have to run up to town to-morrow, Stanley," said Hugh—"it was unfortunate that we could not have our chat to-night. My father wants to see me on business."

Stanley's fair face clouded and her brown eyes rested to her lover's face with a regretful look, which was pretty and touching in one so proud and self-contained; but there was no time to express regret otherwise than by that look, for the dinner bell was clanging loudly, and most of the sportsmen were only too glad to hear it.

"You shall take Miss Gerant in to-night as you are going away in the morning," Lady Hartop whispered smilingly to Hugh; and Carlos Melville, who had hoped to have that privilege, looked longingly at them as he followed with Lola Bateman, and thought that they were well suited to each other, and tried to hate Cameron, and failed.

"Don't envy him!" said Lola mischievously. "How do you know that he would not much rather be somewhere else—in Lord Nugent's place, for instance?" she added, glancing down the long table to where, at the other end, Lady Beacham and Lord Nugent were seated. "What do you think of the Snow Queen?" she went on lightly before he could answer.

Carlos Melville looked in the direction indicated. Lady Laura's white eyelids were lowered, her face was colorless, the diamonds gleamed around her beautiful throat. From her the young man looked to Hugh Cameron. His eyes were fixed upon Lady Beacham with a strange intent inquiring gaze, and he seemed quite unconscious that Stanley was speaking to him. Miss Bateman had to repeat her question before she received a reply.

"What do you think of the Snow Queen?" she asked impatiently.

"I think she is fitly named," he answered calmly. "She is very beautiful, but she looks exceedingly cold."

Lola laughed. She had often met Lady Beacham both in London and at various fashionable country houses, and she thought the name a misnomer.

(To be Continued.)

Hard and Dry.

Crump—They gave me a very hard toast to respond to to-night.

Chump—What was it?

Crump—Dry-toast.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column."

Saturday Night Office.]

Subscriber, Toronto,—Marriage with deceased wife's sister is quite legal in Canada.

Subscriber.—Population of Montreal at last census (1881) was 140,747; that of Quebec, 62,446.

Elyn, Woodstock.—You are imaginative, ambitious, impulsive and lively. You lack self-reliance and perseverance.

Jor.—December 14, 1839, fell on Saturday; June 24, 1843, also on Saturday; May 20, 1845, on Tuesday, and August 13, 1867, also on Tuesday.

Nellie Royale, Woodstock.—You are studious, ambitious, persevering and dignified; somewhat eccentric in little things, but well-liked by friends.

Trixie, Galt.—It is better taste for a gentleman to offer his arm to a lady than to take her—much better—being more dignified. A girl's self respect will forbid her allowing men to spend much money on her. By all means consult your mother with regard to your new acquaintance; she will give you the best advice.

Nixon, Toronto.—Your hair is auburn—the glint in it being quite noticeable. You are generous, generous and persuasive. Your impulsive nature leads you to say and do things for which you afterwards chide yourself; and your chief fault is your hasty temperament. You have good taste in dress, and are dainty in all personal appointments.

J. M. M., Woodstock.—The poem is not quite up to the mark; but we shall be pleased to examine more from the same pen. If you are ambitious, success will not likely to carry over events beyond your control. I fancy you take a sensible view of life, and say (when you have to) "what ever is, is right." You are impulsive, generous, a good friend and a bitter enemy. You are a careful observer, and learn more from experience than through other people's advice, which you are too proud to take.

Bon G., St. Catharines.—You should raise your hat when you meet a lady friend; you should not bow to a lady, and to a man friend; when you meet a man friend who has a lady with him, and when the lady whom you are with bows, you should bow to the lady whether she gives greeting or not. It is an act of respect due her. In fact, whenever you meet a lady in the city raise your hat. "If I mean only knew what pretty things they could do in the way of hat lifting," said an old society lady, "they would study the art more thoroughly."

Constant Reader, Ottawa.—A girl's sense of delicacy should forbid her receiving personal gifts from a gentleman to whom she is not engaged or related. Books, flowers, pictures, music are often given; but in a man's eyes a girl's worth is dependent in proportion to the amount of money she allows him to spend on her. You are generous, sensitive, fond of dress, and inquisitive. A little fickle and a little fretful. "Your hair is a good deal like your disposition, and your hair is a good deal like your disposition, and your hair is a good deal like your disposition." Your hair is a pretty brown. It is soft and fine, so do not arrange it in a stiff manner, but in soft puffs or waves. You may now wear bangs if you wish. Never address a mere acquaintance by his or her christian name; it is presumptuous. Yes, in speaking of absent friends you may use the christian name of those with whom you should not use christian names, but mention them as Mr. Mrs or Miss. The language of "Hold this fan in a fan-like fashion" is "Hold this fan in a fan-like fashion." The meaning of the diamond is "Innocence." of the pearl, "Purity." of the emerald, "Hope."

J. B., Ottawa.—You are suited for the occupation you mention. Your hair is brown, fine, and inclined to curl. Your eyes are black, large, lustrous and retiring. Your disposition are the characteristics of the man naturally suited to you—but other traits enter into combination and so materially influence these permanent ones, that only after a careful and lengthy association and observation can one decide whether you become contaminated or ennobled by regard marriage. You are a fluent talker, thoroughly self reliant, laughing in bearing, though kindly of heart. Your naturally affectionate disposition is hidden under a mask of affected indifference to people and their opinions of you. You are a good conversationalist; but if you are a gaggment is recognized and known, society frowns at but does not chide. Revers for drinking, Sunday Schools, Sabbath Board of Directors, Chautauqua, N.Y., for full particulars.

societies in New York—some of them in quite a flourishing state, I believe."

Gent—Yes. But, aw—I meant—aw—the *creme de la creme*—the good so-ci-e-ty, aw—of New York. Do you know—aw—Mrs. Jones? (naming one of our most respected citizens).

Colonel—Know him? I should think I did! I have made his boots these ten years!

It is not reported that the effeminate gentleman made any further inquiries about New York society.—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Before and After Taking.

Mrs. Flimgillion—My dear, you really mustn't put your feet on my best chairs.

Flimgillion—Pshaw! Don't you know that a man isn't comfortable unless he has two chairs?

Mrs. Flimgillion—And yet, dear, before we were mar ied you used to say how comfortable you were with half a chair.

"The Old Oaken Bucket,
The Iron-bound Bucket,
The Moss-covered Bucket,"

is very likely the one that has conveyed poisons to your system from some old well, whose waters have become contaminated from sewers, vaults, or percolations from the soil. To eradicate these poisons from the system and save yourself a spell of malarial, typhoid or bilious fever, and to keep the liver, kidneys and lungs in a healthy and vigorous condition, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It arouses all the excretory organs into activity, thereby cleansing and purifying the system, freeing it from all manner of blood-poisons, no matter from what cause they have arisen. All diseases originating from a torpid liver or deranged liver, or from impure blood, yield to its wonderful curative properties. It regulates the stomach and bowels, promotes the appetite and digestion, and cures Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," and Chronic Diarrhœa, Sallowness, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands and Tumors disappear under its use.

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Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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CHAPTER XXVI.

The inquiries which Sir Adrian Deverell had addressed to Doctor Grieves concerning Mrs. Hyam's whereabouts did not result in such a satisfactory conclusion as he had expected.

A few days of two days, Doctor Grieves answered his letter with an apology for his own temporary absence from home and a regret that he did not know Mrs. Hyam's private address. He enclosed, however, that of the institution of nurses who were accustomed to employ her, and to which he had telegraphed at the time of Lord Elwyn's seizure.

Adrian betook himself immediately in a hansom to the address given. He knocked at the door of a large sombre-looking house in a quiet street in Bloomsbury, and it was speedily opened by a neat maiden of about fourteen.

"Can you tell me Mrs. Hyam's address?"

"I will call the Lady Superior, sir, if you will walk in."

He was ushered into a ground-floor room; and presently an elderly lady, in a black dress and a starched white cap tied primly under her chin, entered and requested him to state in what way she could serve him.

"I am anxious to see Mrs. Hyam, madam. Are you able to give me her address?"

The Lady Superior referred briefly to a book lying upon the writing-table.

"Mrs. Hyam is not in town at present; but I can recommend quite as good a nurse to you."

"Pardon me," interrupted Adrian—"I do not require a professional nurse; I only wish to see Mrs. Hyam on a matter of business. I would go any where to see her, or any distance. The business I wish to speak to her about is of importance."

The Lady Superior touched a hand-bell upon the table, and a respectable-looking young woman answered the summons immediately.

"Do you know where Mrs. Hyam was going, Eliza?"

"No, madam—she did not tell me."

The Lady Superior turned to her visitor with the shadow of a smile upon her severe face.

"The fact is, sir, that Mrs. Hyam, who has been very hard worked of late, has asked for three weeks' holiday, and we cannot tell you where she has gone. But we understood from her that she contemplated shortly being married again. Of course we know nothing about the private history of our trained nurses; still this little fact did leak out before her departure. She is certain to communicate with me on her return; and, if you will leave me your name and address, I will let you know as soon as I hear tidings of her."

With this Sir Adrian was forced to be satisfied. He left his card and a small donation for the institute with it upon the table and went away. There was evidently nothing more to be done until Mrs. Hyam chose to return as Mrs. Somebody Else from her honeymoon.

Two or three days passed away uneventfully. Adrian looked anxiously through his daily letters hoping for news of the absent nurse; but he heard nothing of her, and he felt that patience was his only course.

During these days he went down one afternoon to Claymore Gardens, and was relieved to find that the little household had settled down again into peace and tranquility. Thanks to the good offices and the promptitude of Mr. Blakely, poor Tom Darley's remains had been allowed to stay for longer than was absolutely necessary beneath Kathleen's roof. All had been arranged most quietly, and the coffin was carried away late one evening, so that no idle curiosity had been aroused and no questions had been asked to annoy or distress the ladies concerning it.

"That Blakely seems a good sort of chap," remarked Adrian.

"Yes, indeed," answered Kathleen, heartily; "I do not know what we shou'd have done without him. And he is kindness itself; he has been in twice since to see us to inquire if he could do anything more for us. Last night he came in after dinner and sat with us for ever so long; and we found him most intelligent and agreeable. I did not think, Mary, that Miss Hale kept her eyes discreetly fixed upon her needlework, and replied demurely that Mr. Blakely was certainly most agreeable.

"Well, you must not allow him to become a nuisance to you," remarked Deverell, whose only thought naturally was for Kathleen, and who was immediately convinced that this agreeable young doctor could have only one object in calling at Claymore Gardens—that of feasting his eyes upon the Honorable Miss Elwyn's beauty.

"Oh, we shall not find him a nuisance at all!" cried Kathleen gaily. "Besides," she added, with a smile, as she met Adrian's eyes, "he is prescribing tonics for Mary; so of course he has to come and watch how his patient progresses."

Adrian felt curiously relieved—he could not exactly have told why—whilst Mary's vivid blush and indignant disclaimer betrayed to the other the fact that she was by no means unconscious of the drift of Mr. Blakely's visits.

Adrian, having fulfilled the main object of his call—which was to tell Kathleen that he had not yet succeeded in finding Mrs. Hyam, but had good hopes of doing so in time—shortly afterwards took his leave.

By a tacit understanding, there were to be no more private interviews between them. Kathleen had especially begged Mary to remain in the room whenever Sir Adrian called; and he, on his part, had had no expectation that she would do otherwise. He knew that Kathleen was perfectly right, and he thanked her for her discretion. All the same, his heart ached a little as he held her hand in farewell and looked earnestly into her sweet face. Her eyes met his sadly and yet very bravely, and her voice did not falter, as she asked him gently—

"When is your marriage going to be, Sir Adrian?"

"It is not quite settled yet," he answered, in a low voice, while his brow darkened and his eyes fell gloomily; "but I suppose it will be immediately after Easter."

"There need certainly be no further delay," replied Kathleen, quietly, as she relinquished his hand. "If you have anything of importance to tell me, no doubt you will again call on us; but, if not—"

"If not, I will not come again," he hastened to say—for he divined her unspoken thought, and knew how hard these meetings must be for her as well as for himself—and, without trusting himself again to meet all the pain and regret in the dear eyes he loved so well, he left her pace some what hurriedly.

"I must not go there again!" he said to himself, when he got into the street. "I dare not go! Oh, my sweet Kathleen, love of my life, that can never be mine! Heaven only knows what it costs me to give you up! How gladly would I take you in my arms and carry you far away to some sunny land where you and I, forgetting all else, might live only for each other and be happy together! But I am not free! Honor stands between me and happiness, and bars the way to the wild longings of my heart—honor and duty!

He walked along gloomily and miserably, feeling bitterly how hopeless and how dreary was the whole outlook of his future life. Nothing could now stand between him and his alone—nothing save the faint hope of some revelation from the lips of the undiscoverable Mrs. Hyam which might prove Lucille Maitland unworthy to be his wife. He himself felt how widely improbable it was that anything that that worthy woman might divulge to him would be of so definite a nature as to bring home to her any positive proof of her wickedness. He felt that Lucille was far too clever not to be able and ready to refute all accusations and to explain away all the suspicious circumstances of her case. It would be her word against Mrs. Hyam's word, and not a shadow of corroborative proof on either side—the word of a lady against the word of a servant. Who could doubt which way the judgment of the world would go?

Nevertheless he was so feverishly anxious to learn if there might not still be a loophole of hope for him that he went round to his club before going home, to see if there might be daily respects to Lucille and her aunt. There was however no letter; so he hurried back to Green street, and found himself so late when he got there that Lucille had already gone upstairs to dress for dinner, and Lady Elwyn was alone in the drawing room.

"Dear me, how late you are to-day, Adrian! We did not think you were coming at all! Why, it is nearly seven o'clock, and Lucille has gone upstairs to change her dress!"

Deverell murmured something about business, and offered to go away as his visit was so opportune.

"Oh, dear, no—don't go! In fact, 'It's an ill wind,' as the proverb says; for, now you are here, you had much better stay and have dinner with Lucille. The truth is, I am obliged to go out. I have a sister-in-law—my poor brother's widow, Mrs. Maitland—whom I have not seen for years—she lives in the North—and she has come up to town on business connected with some money that has lately been left to my family, and wants to see me about her share of it, which of course she is entitled to, poor thing—she wants to consult me about the lawyers and so on—and so, as she is in town only for twenty-four hours, stopping at the Russell Hotel, I am going up there to have a little quiet dinner with her. Lucille was to be quite alone; you may as well stay as you are—it will take so long to go back and dress. Go and wash your hands upstairs and stop here. I don't think there can be any impropriety in your dining with Lucille alone, as you are so soon going to be married, and the servants all know about it. Can you find your way upstairs? Very well—then I must be off; for the brougham is just at the door. You will have a nice quiet evening with Lucille. Good-bye! I shall not be late; perhaps you will be fast asleep when I come back;" and she waved her hand to him and departed.

Adrian followed her suggestion, and went upstairs to wash his hands. When he came down again, the room was still empty. He had mentioned to the butler that he was staying for dinner, and now awaited the appearance of his betrothed, standing with his back to the fire, and wishing with all his heart that he could see a prospect of ever loving or even esteeming her again.

Presently he heard the soft rustle of her gown as she came down-stairs, and immediately afterwards she entered, wearing a flowing tea-gown of black *crepe de Chine*, softened with wide drooping frills of white *lisse* that fell like a wreath of snow from her throat to her feet. Her arms were bare to the very shoulders, and diamond bangles were clasped around their firm creamy whiteness; in her golden locks shone a brilliant arrow of diamonds, and great solitaire single stones glittered in her small ears.

Like a flash the thought went through his mind: "Does she dress like this then, to sit down to a solitary dinner by herself!" He was not particularly observant of dress as a rule—he knew that Lucille was always superbly arrayed; but there was something in the bare arms and the diamonds—in the whole effect of the seductive tea-gown—which struck him as being odd for the occasion.

When she came in, she stood stock still, gazing at him for a moment as if spell-bound; and he seemed to him that a vague disappointed face, at the same time with the easily accountable look of surprise, an expression of quite unaccountable dismay; but it was so quickly chased away by the smile with which she came forward to welcome him that he could not have said for certain whether it had been really there, or whether it had not been only his fancy.

"My dear Adrian, this is indeed a pleasure! I had given you up for to-day! When did you come?"

"I have been here nearly an hour," he said, half turning his head to consult the clock behind him. "Your aunt invited me to stay and dine with you, as she had to go out;" and then again his eyes fell upon the tea gown and the bare arms and the diamonds beneath. "My dear Lucille," he exclaimed almost involuntarily, "what a wonderful tea-gown! Am I always to expect such jewels and such sumptuous garments when we discuss our *tete-a-tete* dinners in the future?"

She tapped his cheek playfully with her fingers.

"Not very likely, sir! I was just putting on a dreadful old rag, believing myself doomed to a solitary evening; but a little bird whispered to me that you were here, and so I changed rapidly to this new tea-gown, which has just been sent home from the dressmaker, I wanted you to see me in it. Do you admire it?"

"Very much," he answered looking her over slowly and thoroughly. "And so you expected to see me then when you walked into the room just now? You knew that I was here—you were not surprised?"—and, remembering the utter astonishment and the vague shadow of dismay upon her face as she had entered, he was convinced that she was lying to him, although what the object of the lie could be he failed to see.

She nodded gaily to him and kissed him of her own accord. She was not often so demonstrative or so affectionate.

"Now," she cried, "you will want to go away and dress, of course; so I will put off dinner half an hour for you, if you can manage to get back so soon."

"Not at all! Lady Elwyn kindly absolved me from dressing, and I have washed my hands upstairs. I should be sorry to keep you waiting for dinner—and, in fact, it is ready now;" the butler at that moment opened the door and announced it.

There was nothing for it. Lucille took his proffered arm in silence, and they went downstairs together.

In Deverell's mind there was a whole legion of suspicions and conjectures. He felt uneasy in her narrowly; he felt he should be foolish if he took his eyes off her for one minute; he divined that she would have been very glad if he had gone away to dress, and that she was disturbed because he had not done so. She was evidently uneasy. She talked a great deal, and was more agreeable and conversational than usual; but he was convinced that this was but a blind—that her gaiety was forced and her amiability a mere cloak to conceal her uneasiness. Once or twice he caught her looking at the clock.

The dinner did not take long; it was light and of few courses. When it was at an end, she said to him, pleasantly:

"Now, Adrian dear, you may stay here and enjoy your cigar and your coffee in peace. I will go up-stairs and finish the third volume of a novel, and you shall join me when you have finished your smoke."

He seemed once more to see a purpose in this—a purpose of getting rid of him for a few minutes. What did she want to do? Send off a note or telegram unknown to him perhaps. He jumped up promptly and answered her with every appearance of lover-like assiduity.

"Certainly not, my dear Lucille! I do not so often spend an evening alone in your delightful society that I can afford to waste a portion of it in the company of a cigar. I would far rather talk to you than smoke; and I shall therefore infinitely prefer to accompany you up stairs."

As he followed her out of the room and she preceded him up-stairs, he could not see her face; but she made no answer. When they reached the drawing-room, there was no evidence of annoyance in her manner; he fancied however that she had turned a little pale. He drew forward two comfortable arm-chairs before the fire and they sat down.

"Now let us have a cosy talk," he said, with apparent cheerfulness, but growing more and more suspicious of her every moment.

She was restless and uneasy; she watched the clock furtively, then jumped up and paced about the room as though she could not sit still. When the butler was leaving the room with the coffee-cups, she tried to follow him to the door, with the evident intention of giving him some private order; but Adrian detained her and pretended to examine a picture upon the wall close behind the servant's head, so that she could not carry out her intention. Then they sat down again; and by that time all her easy flow of conversation was at an end; she seemed incapable even of answering his remarks, and replied to them at random.

Suddenly it seemed to come upon him like a revelation what it was that was the matter with her—she was expecting some one!

"You seem very restless, Lucille. Are you expecting anybody to call that you look at the clock so often?"

"My dear Adrian, what an idea! Who could call at such an hour? How ridiculous!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before the door opened suddenly and the manservant announced—

"Mr. Doyle!"

Laurie came in quickly, smiling and eager and in evening-dress. When he caught sight of Sir Adrian Deverell looking at him with haughty surprise, he stopped short, changed color, and looked excessively taken aback. Before he could speak, Lucille cried sharply—

"Good gracious, Mr. Doyle, what on earth brings you here at such an hour? This is indeed a surprise! Are you the bearer of any news of importance, or to what do I owe the honor of such an unlooked-for visit?"

Poor Laurie certainly wished at that juncture that the earth might open and swallow him up. Sir Adrian leaned back against the mantelshelf with folded arms and gazed at him fixedly with a bitterly sarcastic smile upon his handsome face. Laurie looked red and foolish and began to blunder forth some unintelligible excuses.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Maitland! Pray forgive my intrusion! I came, you know, to tell Lady Elwyn she had better put her 'fiver' on Robin Hood for the Manchester Handicap—she asked me to do it, you know, you remember. I hear it's a real good thing; and, as I happened to be passing—going out to dinner with some friends in the next street—in fact—"

"What—at nine o'clock! At what a curious hour your friends dine!" cried Deverell.

"I—I—I just stopped my cab for a moment as I went by—"

"It seems to me that you sent the cab away, Mr. Doyle," again interpolated Deverell.

"I—I can't stop a minute longer, my dear, I know—must be off at once!" stammered the poor young man; and, with a rapid and nervous bow to them both, he got himself somehow out of the room and slammed the door; and they could hear him running downstairs and the loud bang of the front door as he made his very undignified exit out of the house.

They stood there in silence, face to face, without a word until the last of these sounds had completely died away. Lucille was as white as ashes; she trembled from head to foot, and her scared eyes were fixed upon Adrian's face with positive terror. She was genuinely frightened.

Would Adrian rave and storm at her? Would he revile her, or would he even perhaps anathematise her in his rage and fury? Worse than all else, would he break his engagement with her then and there, and would he do it that lovely old place in Yorkshire, and all those thousands a year that were to be settled on her, and that big fireproof safe full of those diamonds into the bargain? What would he say or do?

He did not say or do any of the things which she had expected. He simply threw himself down into an armchair and burst out laughing. There was no mirth in his laughter; it was long and loud and hearty, but it was not mirthful. There was indeed a triumphant exultation in its ring; but there was very little joy or pleasure about it. It was laughter that was as cruel as revenge and as bitter as wormwood.

When he had quite done laughing, he stood up and became as serious as possible again directly; then went close up to her and laid his hand upon her wrist.

"So that was the meaning of the beautiful bare arms and the diamond bangles! Poor old my lady, and of that look of dismay when you first saw me this evening; and that was why you wanted me to go away to dress, and wanted me to smoke comfortably down-stairs so as to get an opportunity to send off a note to stop Mr. Laurence Doyle from keeping his appointment! Dear aunt was out; so dear Lucille was coming to sit with you, to stroke your beautiful white arms, my Lucille, perhaps to kiss them—who knows!"

"Adrian, how dare you insult me?" she cried, crimsoning hotly. "It is cruel and unjust of you! I—I did not know for certain that Mr. Doyle was coming. He had said something about it; I did not know if he would come or not. You have no right to say such dreadful things to me!"—and she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Adrian was disturbed. A woman's tears—even this woman's tears—always distressed him. Perhaps she was less false than he had believed—perhaps he judged her with undue harshness. Why indeed should he expect mirthless and honorable feeling from her? Perhaps she had been more foolish than sinful; so he took her hand and spoke gently to her.

"Lucille, why on earth did you not speak the truth to me? If you had half expected Mr. Doyle to call and had dressed yourself so smartly in case he should, why did you not tell me so openly instead of deceiving me and telling me untruths?

"I was afraid to tell you, Adrian!" she sobbed. "You are so severe, I was afraid you would be angry and jealous. I hoped he would not come, and then you need never have known. Oh, oh, I am so unhappy!"

And then a new thought came into his mind—a thought that set all his pulses leaping and his heart throbbing with a sudden new-born hope.

"Why are you unhappy, Lucille, and why do you cry so much? Is it because you are grieved to have deceived and vexed me, or is it because of some deeper reason? Is it because you love Doyle better than you do me? Tell me, Lucille; because, if it is so—"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she interrupted eagerly. "How can you suppose such a thing? I do not care a farthing about Laurie Doyle! He was always foolish about me; but is that my fault? I don't care one bit for him—don't imagine such a thing! He is stupid and dull; he bores me horribly! I always infinitely preferred you, Adrian!"

He sighed a little, and dropped her hand, and those tingling pulses of his died down again slowly into their accustomed calmness, while something of a more than customary coldness and numbness seemed to weigh upon his heart.

This time she had been frightened in down right earnest, for she dried her tears hastily and besought him to forgive her—to overlook it for this once; it should never happen again; and it was all Mr. Doyle's fault—not hers.

"Very well, my dear," he said gravely and somewhat wearily—"I will forgive you then, and will say no more about it. But, before we have done with the subject—I hope for ever—let me say one thing to you, and let us understand one another thoroughly once and for all. You say that Doyle is 'foolish' about you—that means, I suppose, that he fancies himself in love with you? Yes? Well, now, I do not choose that any man should be 'foolish' in such a fashion about the woman who is to be my wife. You must drop Mr. Laurence Doyle's acquaintance, Lucille; it will be kinder to him, and be more in accordance with the self-respect due to yourself and with the affection you owe to me."

A mutinous look stole into her face; but she made no reply.

"I do not wish you hereafter to know Mr. Doyle at all; and I request you for the present not to permit him to visit you when your aunt is absent, lest he should come in any fashion. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well then—we will say no more about it; but, in order that there may be no mistake between us on this subject, I must ask you to promise me that you will accede to my wishes."

She did not answer. Anger, distance, intolerance of control, together with the more prudential motives of discretion and worldly wisdom, were striving hotly within her for the mastery.

"Promise me!" he said again, looking at her very keenly; and then, as she did not speak, he added, in a low firm voice, "For, as there is a Heaven above us, I swear that, if I ever find you alone again with that man in any circumstances whatever, I will not make you my wife!"

One frightened upward glance into the stern set face above her, one wild secret determination that she would go her own way for all that—one final struggle with her raging passions—and then Lucille Maitland was herself once more, smiling, tender, and beautiful as a dream.

"Of course I will promise, dear!" she whispered caressingly; and, winding her beautiful arms around his neck, she raised her lovely crimson lips to his face.

(To be Continued.)

Love's Young Dream.

She—When we are married, darling, what pet name shall I call you?

He—Call me Birdy, simply Birdy, that is all. —*Life.*

What He Valued.

Parson Humphreys (who has just knocked down one of his lambs on the way to church)—Didn't I done tole yo, Ezekiel Ward, nex time yo interrup me when I's preachin' I'd beef yo?

Ezekiel—Dat's right, Parson; yo done did; but yo know Jonah never swaller dat whale morn did yo or I.

Parson Humphreys—Don' effect matter partickle what he did or didn't. It's my reputation as preacher in this hear neighborhood. I don't tend haver pulled dcwn!

In the Catskills.

Maud Featherbrain—We'll have to wait for Ethel Moneybagges, Mr. Margiue. She's just lost her alpenstock.

Mr. Margiue—Good gad! Did she have much of it, and what is it quoted at?

But He Did.

She (after a moment of silence)—What are you thinking about Charlie?

He—Oh, I was thinking about the same thing you're thinking yourself.

She—If you do I'll slap you!

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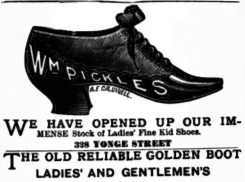

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Births.

FAUQIER—At Brampton, on September 10, Mrs. P. H. Fauqier—a son.
MACPHERSON—At London, Eng., on September 11, Mrs. C. A. Macpherson—a son.
PRICE—At Mount Elgin, on September 9, Mrs. Lewis A. Price—a daughter.
TANNER—At Toronto, on September 11, Mrs. W. C. Tanner—a son.
CUNNINGHAM—At Toronto, on September 13, Mrs. J. D. Cunningham—a son.
MORRISON—At Toronto, on September 12, Mrs. George N. Morrison—a daughter.
MATTHEWS—At Toronto, on September 9, Mrs. Wilmot D. Matthews—a son.
WICKS—At Sutherland, on September 11, Mrs. A. E. Wicks—a daughter.
ADAM—At Niagara-on-the-Lake, on September 11, Mrs. Mercer J. Adam—a son.
HOLGATE—At Toronto, on September 13, Mrs. Henry Holgate—a son.
BUTLER—At Toronto, on September 9, Mrs. J. H. Butler—a son.
THOMSON—At Toronto, on September 16, Mrs. T. C. Thomson—a son.
MURRAY—At Toronto, on September 15, Mrs. John A. Murray—a son.
MEEHAN—At Toronto, on September 14 Mrs. Ed. Meehan—a son.
KEACHIE—At Toronto, on September 12, the wife of Morton Keachie—a son.

Marriages.

LANGTRY—MESSENGER—At New York, on September 2, W. Allen Langtry of Cincinnati, Ohio, to Anna L. Messenger of Guelph, Canada.
ROGERS—BROUGH—At Toronto, on September 16, D. H. Rogers, M.D., to Annie Brough, both of Gananoque, Ont.
MARSHALL—GLASS—At Toronto, September 16, Simon Marshall, jun., to Jessie B. Glass, b th of Port Hope.
GIBBS—HOPE—At Toronto, on September 14, Frederick Weymouth Gibbs to Maude Luella Hope, both of Toronto.
CAPEWELL—TOWNSLEY—At Toronto, on September 12, Herbert Capewell of Birmingham, England, to Annie Ida Townsley of Toronto.
SMITH—WILDE—At Toronto, on September 11, Thomas S. Smith to Louisa A. Wilde, both of Toronto.
SHAW—BOWMAN—At Port Elgin, Ont., September 12, H. W. Shaw of Quebec, to Lizzie F. Bowman of Port Elgin.
MACLEAN—MORRISON—At Toronto, on September 13, A. G. Maclean to Elizabeth Morrison.
ALLAN—SOULES—At Toronto, on September 11, J. Alfred W. Allan to Jennie Soules.
HENRY—STEWART—At Toronto, on September 12, George Henry to Janet Stewart, both of Toronto.
SAUNDERS—BREHAUT—At Montreal, on September 12, Dyce W. Saunders of Toronto, to Amy Percival Brehaut of Claireville, Cote St. Antoine.
ALLAN—FLEMING—At Hamilton, on September 11, James G. Allan to Margaret Fleming of Galt.
ALLEN—HAWKINS—At Toronto, on September 10, Frank Allen of St. Marys, to May Hawkins of Toronto.
BLISS—PERRY—At Peterborough, on September 11, A. C. Bliss of Buffalo, N.Y., to Mary Edith Alexander Perry.
McCALLUM—ELLIOTT—At Milton, on September 11, John F. McCallum of Owen Sound, to Maggie Elliott.

Deaths.

CAMERON—At Montreal, on September 13, Caroline Baillie Cameron, aged 57 years.
WINTER—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Winter, aged 57 years.
BRADLEY—At Toronto, Joseph W. Halford Bradley, aged 74 years.
SMYTHE—Drowned in Toronto Bay, September 12, Nicholas Fred Smythe, aged 12 years.
DAWSON—At Collingwood, on September 13, Mrs. Fanny Dawson, aged 36 years.
ELLIOTT—In Township of Albion, on September 12, William Elliott, aged 85 years.
STAINTON—At Scarboro, on September 14, Richard Stainton, aged 73 years.
FISH—At Newtonbrook, on September 16, Thomas Herbert Fish, aged 19 years.
McKAY—At Toronto, on September 17, William Andrew McKay, aged 1 year.
NEILSON—At Highland Creek, on September 16, Alexander Neilson, aged 84 years.
BALLACHEY—At Edgemont, on September 10, George Ballachey, aged 77 years.
CARPENTER—At Townsend, on September 16, John B Carpenter, aged 69 years.
CLARK—At London, on September 15, Mrs. Celesta C. Clark.
MEHARDEL—At Toronto, on September 16, Herman Meharel, aged 33 years.
McKAY—At West Bay City, Mich., on September 14, Mrs. Margaret McKay.
ALEXANDER—At Toronto, on September 11, Edith Alexander, aged two months.
GOODERHAM—At Toronto, suddenly, Wm. Gooderham.
GOOD—At Toronto, on September 12, James Good, aged 74 years.
MARTIN—At Toronto, on September 11, Louis Kossuth Martin, aged 23 years.
MACKLIN—At Toronto, on September 10, Clara Lucinde Adah Macklin, aged thirteen days.
RAWBONE—At Toronto, on September 11, Mrs. Hannah Rawbone aged 73 years.
WATSON—At Toronto, on September 11, Miss Annie Watson.
BURGESS—At Toronto, on September 15, Alfred Griffiths Burgess of Port Sandfield, Muskoka, aged 43 years.
COOPER—At Toronto, on September 14, Mrs. Catharine Cooper, aged 57 years.
GRAHAM—At Brampton, on Friday, September 13, George Irene Graham, aged 11 months.
HUNTER—At Deseville, on September 10, Florence Kobby Hunter, aged 3 months
JOHNSON—At Toronto, on September 14, Mary Jane Johnson.
MARCH—At Toronto, on September 14, Elizabeth March, aged 7 years.
McTAVISH—At Eglinton, on September 14, Gladys Isabella McTavish, aged 3 months.
O'NEILL—At Woodstock, on September 14, John F. O'Neill, aged 32 years.

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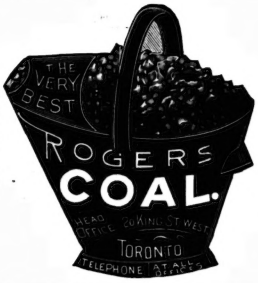

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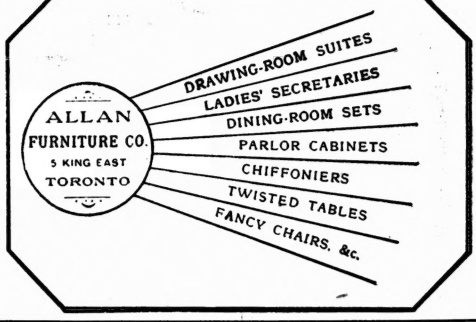

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